JOHN BULL; NOVEMBER 10; 1928

Vol. XLIV. No. 1169.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

BOVRIL PREVENTS "ILL" FEELING

BOVRIL puts BEEF into you

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— - -

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

Look out for NOV. 8

Every reader of "John Bull" should be sure to ask his Newsagent to deliver "John Bull's" Xmas Annual directly it comes out.

Ghost stories, jolly stories, funny stories, jokes galore, pictures that recall "those good old days,"—there never was such a Christmas number before! 68 pages for sixpence. It will warm the very cockles of your heart.

JOHN BULL OFFERS YOU THIS EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE!

With the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen (in itself admittedly worth 15/-) we will present to you this 5/6 "Everpointed" Pencil free. You need send 4/- only plus 3d. for postage and six coupons value One Shilling.

Name engraved in gold on the pen—6d.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 5d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nibs, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 5/6 Stub-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (as in all ART SILKS), may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and 9d. for 4/6 (which includes postage and harmonet). Pencil only 6d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheques/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if Nib—medium—broad nib.—ODHAMS PRESS, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULLS GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

HOME ACCIDENTS:

The following are a few of the many others who benefit under "Home Accidents."

£12 AIRDRIE.—Mrs. M. TOTTEN, 82, Forrest Street.
£12 LINCOLN.—Mrs. E. L. CLARKE, 32, Florence Street.
£12 SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. E. DREIMAN, 60, Woodbine Street.
£12 HAYES.—H. LORD, "Dunedin," Uxbridge Road.
£12 BEVERLEY.—Dr. E. DAVIDSON, Scotsdale, 2, New Walk.
£12 CLYDACH.—Mrs. E. A. ADKINS, 18, Ramsay Road.
£12 BOLTON-ON-DEARNE.—Mrs. A. B. WALTERS, 153, Ingsfield Lane.
£12 PEBMARSH.—H. J. COOK, Mill Lane.
£12 BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—J. R. HINDS, 3, St. Vincent Street.
£12 CROYDON.—Mrs. L. WELLS, 61, Southbridge Road.
£12 HEMPSTEAD, Nr. CHATHAM, KENT.—Mrs. FLORENCE M. SAUNDERS, Birchvale.
£12 SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. THREADKELL, 59, Brunswick Street.
£12 TREALAW, RHONDDA.—Mrs. SARAH A. OWEN, 56, Wengraig Road.
£12 PRESTON, LANCS.—Mrs. G. A. HOGAN, 15, Rundle Road.
£12 ABERDEEN.—Mrs. ISABELLA CLARK, 82, Prospect Terrace.
£12 SCUNTHORPE.—Mrs. A. E. REDFERN, New Row, Messingham.
£12 LEYTON.—Mrs. LUCY DREW, 32, Carlisle Road.
£12 BALSALL HEATH.—Mrs. M. J. HOLT, 2, Seymour Terrace, River Street.
£12 BRISTOL.—Mr. F. L. COTTLE, 9, Carlyle Road, Greenbank.
£12 STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mrs. L. M. Bowron, 12, Buxton Street.
£12 EAST MURTON, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. C. Burn, 16, Deaford Terrace.
£12 SWINDON.—Mrs. M. A. GOULD, 25, Oriel Street.
£12 AMMANFORD.—Mrs. M. DAVIES, 83, Wind Street.
£12 GORLESTON.—Mrs. M. A. WRIGHT, 38, Frederick Road.
£12 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. R. LAVE[illegible], 209, Stanton Street.

"CUT HERE"

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent. If ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed [illegible]

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 10/11/28

"CUT HERE"

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

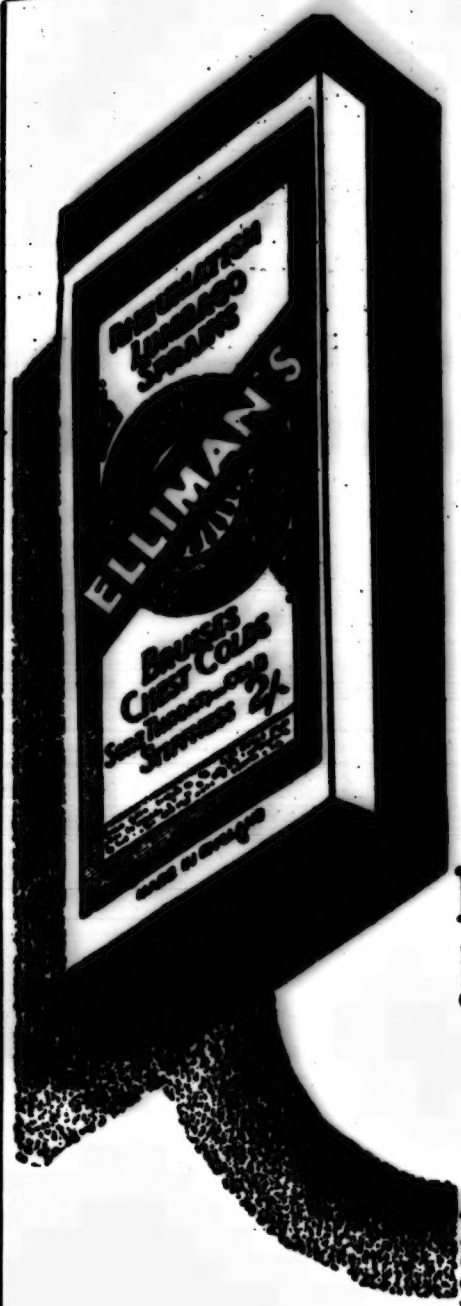
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 10/11/28



LUMBAGO

Lumbago, Stiffness, Sciatica, Muscular Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Chest Colds, Sore Throat from Cold—all yield to Elliman's.

Elliman's Universal Embrocation for Human use
2/- and 4/-, of all chemists.
Elliman's Royal Embrocation for Animals
1/6, 2/9 and 4/6, of all chemists.

A FREE BOOK ON MASSAGE

A 20-page book on massage, and the use of Elliman's in general, sent free on application, or for 6d. in stamps the R.E.P. —"Rubbing Eases Pain" Handbook of over 200 pages.

ELLIMAN'S
EASES PAIN

ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., LTD., Dept. M, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Sure way of ending Corns

No matter how long you have suffered from corns, no matter how bad your corns may be—Radox footbaths will have these tormentors out by the root. This gentleman spent three years of agony with two corns. He then bought Radox; put his feet regularly each evening into Radox footbaths; and out came the corns, root and all, between his finger and thumb. Read his letter:

"I feel I must write to tell you of the tremendous benefits I have received from your Radox Bath Salts. I suffered with corns for about two or three years before trying Radox, and had two particularly bad ones on the small toe of each foot, which I had tried to get rid of by various methods. I was recommended to try Radox, and after resting my feet in a footbath found that the corns were considerably softened. I followed this treatment up for a few days, and to my delight was able to lift the corns out bodily. The relief since then has been simply wonderful, and I shall not fail to recommend Radox to all my friends who have the misfortune to suffer from corns or tired and aching feet."

Willesden, N.W.10. A. W.
Sept. 16th, 1928.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

1/6
Half Pound Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 68, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Why not become a SALESMAN?

This is the man with the job worth £1,000 p.a.

This man did; now he is Sales Manager and says his job is worth £1,000 p a.

"I am now holding down the job of London Sales Manager for—and from all accounts at Headquarters am making a success of it.

"This position is worth at least £1,000 p.a., and I have only you and your colleagues to thank for it."

This letter was sent us in September, 1928, by a student we trained in 1927. He is now 33; he was running a garage and earning far less than £1,000 p.a., when he decided to study Salesmanship in his spare time, by post, with the Wallace Attwood College.

Thousands of men have been lifted out of mechanical jobs, routine factory clerks' and assistants' jobs by Wallace Attwood—and helped into the open-air, enjoyable, and well-paid life of a Travelling Salesman. Many of them are NOW earning their £400, £500, and £600 p.a. Some are now £1,000 p.a. men in important executive posts, due to their success as Salesmen.

After training, every student is introduced to firms with actual SALARIED VACANCIES on their Sales Force, who have applied to Wallace Attwood for trained men.

The essentials for a Salesman are keenness and grit. If you have these, and are determined to get on, then Wallace Attwood will do the rest! He will help you to a career of financial security and freedom from dull routine.

Write first for the Booklet which started the men above, and thousands of others, on the right road. It is called "The Profession of Salesmanship," and it will open your eyes to the possibilities which DO exist in the selling field to-day, and the earnings secured by quite average men who were formerly clerks, shop assistants, mechanics, etc. Send postcard, or use the Coupon below.

WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE undertakes to:—

1. Give you the most complete postal training in Salesmanship, including Practical Demonstrations.
2. Train you to sell your services, and introduce you to SALARIED positions with firms of repute as Travelling Salesmen (not shop assistants).
3. Ensure your success during your first three weeks "on the road" by special manuals and advice.

The service we offer you is the result of training 20,000 people for business.

Wallace Attwood College
(Dept. 122),
26, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1

FILL IN AND POST TO-DAY
to
WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE
26, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

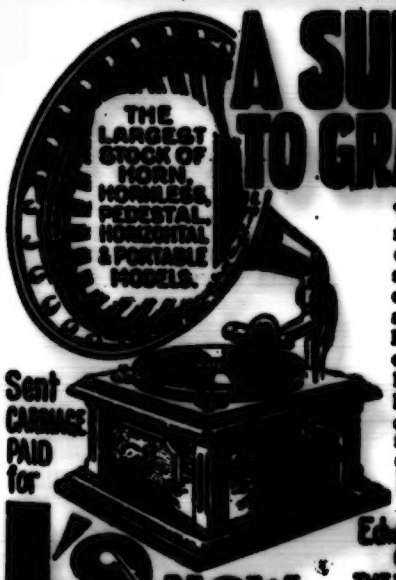
Please send me free, your 64-page illustrated book, "The Profession of Salesmanship."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Please write in pencil if you prefer. J.B. 122

A SURPRISE OFFER TO GRAMOPHONE BUYERS



TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO my advertisement first appeared in the "John Bull." To celebrate the occasion I shall make a Handsome Gift comprising an up-to-date selection of Records, a beautifully bound Record Album, and a large supply of Gramophone Needles, FREE OF ALL CHARGE to every reader who orders any Gramophone and Records, which I send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. Small deposit gets delivery. EASY TERMS TO SUIT ALL. Write NOW for a free copy of my SPECIAL CELEBRATION LISTS, AND BE IN TIME TO SHARE IN THE THOUSANDS OF FREE GIFT PARCELS

Sent CARRIAGE PAID for **1'9** NOW

Edw. O'Brien Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER 228 & 234 COVENTRY.

WHEN SENDING ... THE MAIL ORDER MARKET ... A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR COAT AS YOU WEAR IT

Tweeds, Cheviots, Heathers, Meltons and Naps, Made to Measure from 59/6. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 5/- then pay 5/- monthly until you have paid in all 39/6

Better qualities up to £10 10 0 also SUITS from 59/6. LADIES' JACKET SUITS from 59/6. All Made to Measure on similar easy terms.

Write or call for Patterns and Designs. Money returned if unsatisfactory.

Established 1901.

J. B. THORNE & CO.

28, Langham St., London, W.1 (Dept. 3.31) Regent House (1st Floor, S. Portland Street (opp. G.P.O.).

FLOOR COVERING ROLLS GREAT OFFER

90 sq. yds for 13/9

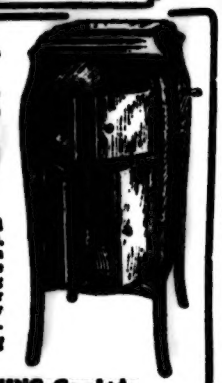
Larger lengths at same rate.

PATTERNS FREE

The great demand enables us to make this big cut in price. The floor covering is Damp proof and Rot proof and suitable for any room. All rolls 2 yards wide. Send for our illustrated catalogue which contains large selection of LINOS and other household bargains. Money returned if not delighted.

ROLLS (of London), 86, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

EDISON BELL Latest GRAMOPHONE £7.10



Oak Cabinet.

Cash or 8/9 with order and 10 monthly payments of 8/9. Fully fitted cabinet with record holder, new snake tone arm. Roll double spring motor, amplifying chamber renders the production very mellow. Height 40½ inches.

Write for fully illustrated list. Post Free.

HACKNEY FURNISHING Co., Ltd., 39/41, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.1.

BEDFORD CORD RIDING BREECHES from 9/9

As Illustrated. Post Paid.

Cut in correct style, and made of hard wearing cord, these breeches are wonder value at the price. Ideal for Cycling, Gardening and week-end wear. Write for free patterns and chart to self-measurement form. ALSO LOVELY SUITS AND OVERCOATS MADE 63/-. FINE FOURS 37/6 and rain, motor-cyclists and motor coats at money-saving prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

B. BOURNE & WILLIAMS, 202, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

BEDDING

Secure the finest quality Bedding on exceptionally Easy Payment Terms. Our Superb Sale contains genuine superfine All-Wool Yorkshire Blankets, weighing 3 lbs., also White Fleecy Blankets, 1 pair Heavy Twill sheets, 1 Paisley Coloured Alhambra Quilt, 1 Washed Quilt, 2 Pillow Cases and 1 Bolster Case, all for full-size double bed. Only the best quality bedding. Other Bedding and Household requisites also on Easy Payment Terms. Send for FREE Catalogue.

From 1/9 Weekly

The "B. & C." CO. Universal Providers, (Dept. 131), SOUTHAMPTON.

FREE GIFT

The HOLLYWOOD UKE BANJO

With free Self Tutor and extra strings.

For particulars of above Free Gift see advt. under "Bargain Sales" Page opposite. In one hour you can play those haunting melodies of the Southern Seas. Superb instrument (7 inch solid oak, nickel-beaded and brass fret) with real Jazz Band tone. Send 1/- with order, then 2/- fortnightly (10/6 in all).

(F.) HARD & CO., 14, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

YOU CAN BUY A WORLD-FAMED DOVER PIANO FOR 5/- WEEKLY

Call and hear these beautiful Pianos (which are in daily use in the Royal Academy and 45,000 British homes) at

CRESSWELLS LTD. "CONCORD HOUSE," WANDSWORTH, S.W. and 459, LONDON ROAD, ISLEWORTH

who will convince you that for Tone, Volume, Durability and Beauty of finish

Windsover Pianos & Gramophones are second to none. Write for Catalogues.

2/- WEEKLY YOUR CHOICE OF THE BEST.

B.S.A., Triumph, Rudge - Whitworth, Ariel, Swift, New Hudson, Elswick, Hercules, B.&C., &c.

Cash Price from £6. 19. 6

Send NOW for Free 1928 Lists

Each fully guaranteed for 20 years. Try 10 days' approval. Direct from makers' factory. Packed free and carriage paid.

Easy Payments arranged to suit you.

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. (Dept. 331.), SOUTHAMPTON.

WEST END TAILORED OVERCOATS 6/- MONTHLY

We offer to "John Bull" readers a perfectly tailored and skilfully cut all wool Overcoat, modelled in the new double-breasted style, and lined throughout with best quality trimmings. These coats are not the usual ready-made garments, they are the production of our own workshops, and built for wear, style and comfort, at the unusual price of £2/- or 6/- with order, balance in 6 payments.

We guarantee that every garment is made by us from the finest possible value in all wool cloths. Write NOW for patterns. IN ALL PRICES, easy measurement chart, and full particulars to Dept. A.

"Wallingford's" Ltd. (of Oxford Street) 71, Oxford Street, W.1.

SUIT or OVERCOAT 1/6 TO MEASURE

Suits in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., or Overcoats in Tweeds, Bat Cloths, Nap, Velours, Melton and Cheviots, to your choice. All the finest materials, very latest styles, cut and fit guaranteed, and delivered free within 7 days.

Write

Send for self measure form and Free pattern book, stating clearly whether for suit, or overcoat, or both.

Made to Measure from 32/6

"The B & C" Co. (Dept. J.31) Universal Providers.

Don't forget cut and fit guaranteed

SOUTHAMPTON

ONE WEEK ONLY—SURPLUS STOCK

500 Complete BEDDING SETS 500

Cash or C.O.D:

1 pair Heavy White Bordered Blankets, whipped edges, double bed.
1 pair Heavy Twill Bolton Sheets, double bed.
1 pretty Alhambra Quilt, double bed, lovely colours.
1 fine White Bolster Case.
2 fine White Pillow Cases.
2 Turkish Hand Towels.

FREE GIFT Charming Ladies Work Bag with every order.

All for 20/- Carr. Paid.

Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.), ALLUM STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

IRONCORD TROUSERS

Specially woven and thoroughly reinforced FOR REAL HARD WEAR.

You save 10/- in the £ by buying direct from us.

You have the choice of the following materials: Dark Grey, Dark Brown or Neat Fancy Stripes.

5/6

Postage 6d. extra. Youths' sizes only 5/-.

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied. Just state colour desired and waist and inside leg measurement. Over 40 ins. waist 1/- extra. Perfect fit guaranteed.

DON'T DELAY, ORDER TO-DAY.

H. WINGO, LTD., Wholesale Outfitters, 25, NORTON FOLGATE, LONDON, E.C.

The Famous DUNHAM LOUD SPEAKER SET 3 VALVES 2 11½

COMPLETE WITH ALL ACCESSORIES AND LOUD SPEAKER. NOTHING FURTHER TO BUY. ONLY 11½ TO START.

THIS receiver gives the range and power of 3 valves on 2 only. FULL WAVE RANGE FOR ALL STATIONS. NO COILS REQUIRED.

C. S. DUNHAM, Sole Dept. Radio Engineer, 15a, Wells, Mews, North Bridges Hill, London, E.W.2

Work your set off electric light and save the cost of recurring expense of batteries. Detail: on request.

FREEMANS Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Coats and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gents' Clothing, Blankets, Furniture, Curtains, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men to represent existing agencies established as agents. Lowest prices in the trade. Largest supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.

SEND STAMP, ASK FREEMAN. Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

This is what Mrs. Baldy, of Bolton, does. She says: "I am finding my spare time quite full of money. I knit socks, stockings, vests, jumpers and waistcoats with splendid colour effects, taking up to from £2 to £3 weekly."

Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF HOSIERY at an agreed price for a period of Three Years.

FREE BOOK

Sent on request for 1d. stamp for postage. Send TO-DAY. No machine required.

SOUTH LEICESTER HOSE CO., LTD. (Dept. G.W.) 24, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 43.)

£2 10s. winners:

W. R. HOLLISTER, 37, Prospect Hill, Swindon. HIS COMPANIONS—TAPPED BARREL—FIRED SHOULDER.

J. JACKSON, 37, Park Road, Bedworth. COMING TO STAY—BOTH MOTHERS-IN-LAW. Mrs. B. MANNERS, 76, Paddock Street, Hanley, Staffs. AEROPLANES—AIR MINISTRY'S *Least* EXPENSE.

E. A. MEDWORTH, 9, Thistlemoor Road, Peterborough. IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS—SAVED ENOUGH FOR TAX!

J. STEPHENSON, 37, Lawson Street, North Shields. EVERY HUSBAND KNOWS—WHO MANAGES, BUT HOW.

50 £1 Prize-winners:

R. Barlow, 141, Blair Athol Rd., Sheffield.
D. Bennett, 4, Kinghorn Pl., Edinburgh.
J. Bond, 16, Alfred Hill, Kingsdown, Bristol.
M. R. Butler, Brill, Bucks.
T. Cannell, 8, Hodge St., Blackley, Manchester.
A. Carter, 28, Langham Rd., Knowle, Bristol.
R. Collier, Millburgh, Larkhall, N.B.
Mrs. J. Collinge, 41, Ainsworth Rd., Little Lever.
J. Conway, 10, Whitehall, Maybole, Ayrshire.
O. Crump, 8, Bedgley Av., Nottingham.
Mrs. Dawkins, 57, Manor Rd., Leyton, E.
G. W. Dunn, North St., Leven, Hull.
A. Ellis, 55, Littlemoor Rd., Ilford.
F. Elliott, 168, Lee Lane, Horwich, Lancs.
W. Fair, Brockley County School, Hilly Fields, S.E.
D. Firth, St. Agnes, Cornwall.
G. W. Foster, 117, High St., Norwood, S.E.
A. A. Gibbs, 22, Charles St., Iffley Rd., Oxford.
Mrs. J. Gilmour, 314, McAslin St., Glasgow.
F. E. Greenwood, 40, Sewert Rd., Forest Gate.
A. G. Ham Hon, 3, Aitken Pl., Lanark.
J. Hartley, 54, Hill Top Rd., Thornton, Bradford.
W. Hatch, 10, Armstrong St., Horwich, Lancs.
H. Hoare, Gledwyne, Yeatling Lane, Hayes, Middx.
W. Hodgson, 52, Platt Hill Av., Leeane, Bolton.
A. H. Holland, Bryvern, Rhoose, Nr. Cardiff.
C. A. Knight, 19, Gosforth Rd., Southport.
W. E. Lacey, 107a, Paradise St., West Bromwich.
R. Melburnie, 35, School Lane, Birkenhead.
D. Marshall, 39, Lowther Rd., Doncaster.
W. Martin, 102, Alexander St., Coatbridge, N.B.
R. Mercer, 162, Tarvin Rd., Chester.
G. E. Morgan, 111, Ley St., Ilford.
W. Oliver, 3, Victoria Rd., Hawick, N.B.
Miss E. E. Orme, 3, Highfield View, Liverpool.
W. D. Parke, 61, Malta Rd., Leyton, E.
A. Parker, c/o McKinnon, 4, Hill St., Greenock.
Mrs. E. Percival, 21, Delamain Rd., Liverpool.
S. Pilfinger, 26, Black Horse Rd., Bristol.
T. Purseglove, 1,165, Ashton Old Rd., Manchester.
F. Ramsden, 5, Waverley Rd., Elland, Yorkshire.
H. Secker, 46, Marlboro' St., Accrington.
N. H. Sharp, 998, London Rd., Thornton Heath.
S. Skyte, 6, Finney, Bloxwich, Nr. Walsall.
Mrs. E. J. Smith, The Nook Tea Rooms, Wimp.
F. E. Smith, Knowsley Rd., St. Helens, Lancs.
H. Steel, Station Rd., Stainforth, Doncaster.
F. Tibbetts, 50, Broad Green, Wellingborough.
T. Watson, 7, Council Houses, Rettendon, Essex.
H. Wood, 68, Calme Terr., Thornhill, Dewsbury.

A Complete List of 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

The original Cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" 681 will be cashed by the Prize-winner in "Bullets" 681 will be cashed by the Prize-winner in the presence of Mr. A. G. Wright, Finsbury Street, Hyde.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 681 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and [illegible]. Competitors must write their names and address and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

"BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 682.

First Prize £300—Second Prize £50—Third Prize £25—10 Prizes of £5 and a Hamper—10 Prizes of £2 10s. and a Hamper—100 Christmas Hampers—200 Big Christmas Cakes—500 Prizes of 2/6—for "Target" Prizes. Full list of "Examples" below:—

One Thing Lacking—Brotherly Love—Too Many Parties—Man Of Mystery—A Monument—Our Daily Bread—Lost In The Fog—A Job For Winston—Simple Life—Jogging Along—Something Wrong Where—He Resigned—A Title—The Better Way—Divisions—Strong And Silent—Force Of Habit—Jumping For Joy—The Rank And File—With A Shovel—In Low Water—Not The First—Her Weakness—All The Winners—In A Glass Case—Impudence—They Were Poor, But—Sex Appeal—Almost Uncanny—Sometimes—"How's The Baby?"—Is Prosperity In Sight?

Closing date, Saturday, November 24.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE
IN the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in stockings, Frnts, Bedspreads, Travellers' samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary prices. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME
By selling drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Cash, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks 66, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. B., 39, Houndsditch, E.1

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Longdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner street, Manchester.

HOSIERS and Drapers.—Do you know where to buy the best goods at the lowest prices? If not, call or send for free catalogue.—Dept. C, M Bazar, 69, Piccadilly, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £3 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No Outlay. Illustrated catalogue free. —Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

WANTED, Agents to make £20. A free sample Book of Private Xmas Cards with instructions. Commission 10/- in the £.—Write Dept. 50, The Cavendish Press, 6-8, Sycamore street, E.C.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (no charge) introductions. Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. CO., Dept. 19s, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

£150—£700 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

WANTED for Alberta, 50 boys. Splendid openings for right type with £50 capital. Enquire, Captain Simpson, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

BEFORE ENROLLING WITH ANY SCHOOL for a course of training in Salesmanship, men are advised to consult Mr. George Brook, F.R.E.S., M.S.M.A., Vocational Counsel and leading Character Analyst in Great Britain for the selection of salesmen. Men lacking the essential qualities can never become successful salesmen, but to men of the right calibre—Salesmanship is a profession rich in opportunities. Before spending any money come and have your Character analysed by Mr. George Brook. FREE CONSULTATIONS to-day from 10 until 6 p.m. —Apply, Salesmanship, Ltd., 7, Southampton Street, High Holborn, W.C.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 67, Gray's Inn Road, Ldn.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. For particulars, write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prop etc.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levane (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP Printing. Billheads 2/6 1,000, Cards, Memos., Handbills, equally cheap. Samples free. Pearson's (Dpt. J.B.), Church Rd., Portsmouth.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades with list of 887 prices sent for 2d. postage.—Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

BARGAIN SALES.

THE "EXCHANGE & MART," (3d. every Thursday) wants every reader of *John Bull* to send for FREE specimen copy. Send postcard to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co. 53, Trinity Street, Leeds.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6, only original guaranteed bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nightles, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Towels, Napkins. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Post 2/- for pcl.; 1 pcs. (weekly payments).—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

GETTING MARRIED?—Wedding Dresses from one guinea! Send for free illustrated catalogue and be entranced by the beauty and variety of our Wedding Gowns. We are the actual makers and Fashion Leaders, famous for low prices.—The "Brilliant," 16, Smallbrook street, Birmingham.

BABY'S IDEAL 85 GARMENTS, 30/-. Swiss Robes, Gowns, Crochet Coats, Woollies, Vests, Shawls, Flannels, Napkins, Numerous extras, a delightful, lovely bargain. Send 2/- NOW for 1/- parcel, approx. Terms (or cent C.O.D., 35/-). Guaranteed.—Mrs. B. Barker, 313, Bregham Road, Southsea. Estbd, 1920.

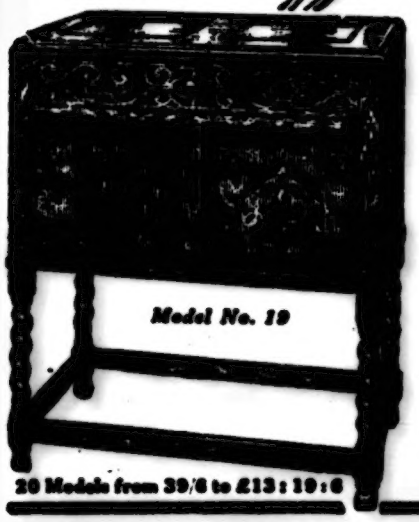
SECURE NOW THIS WONDER FULLOTONE FOR 9/9 A MONTH

Traders find it impossible to compete against Fullotone amazing value, Why? Because genuine Fullotones are sold direct from Factory—no middlemen's enormous profits to swell the prices! Our generous easy terms make it simple for everyone to possess this perfectly constructed, full volume, natural tone Fullotone at one-third usual prices.

9/9

FULLOTONE *The gramophone of amazing Value!*

NEW BRANCH OPENING SHORTLY AT MANCHESTER.



20 Models from 39/6 to £13:19:6

Set your standard of value by the Fullotone range. Terms right, value right, Volume and construction superb and tone purer than any. For example, this model embodying all the essentials demanded for up-to-date reproduction costs only

CASH PRICE

5/14/6 CARR. PAID U.K.

or 20/- and 9/9 per month for 11 months

Artistic Jacobean Cabinet in SELECTED OAK, 33 in. high, complete with powerful Collaro Motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox and the wonderful new all-metal Sound Chamber. British throughout.

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

or call and inspect at any of our branches.

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(Dept. J.B. 66), 73, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

Also at
561, High Rd., Tottenham; 41, George St., Croydon; 149, High St. E. Ham; 313, Argyle St., Glasgow. 13, Paradise St., Liverpool.

SHIRT & Collar 2/6. Chemise embroidered, 1/1. Send 2½d. for bargain catalogue.—Santa Klaus, 45, Rue Turenne, Paris.

FREE Gift.—Pair of Heavy Turkish Towels sent to every customer ordering two pairs of our very high quality unbleached Hemmed Sheets, size 60 in. x 84 in. Clearing at 15/6 per 2 pairs.—The Ladies' Wear Co., 184, St. Paul's Road, N.1.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 238, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

WIRELESS CABINETS.—Jacobean. Any size to 16 in. x 9 in., 7/9. Cosser-Mullard, 9/6. Cr. Paid.—Cumberland, 23, Malden Cres., London, N.W.1

BUY THAT GRAMOPHONE FOR XMAS NOW. The famous Edison Bell model offered by the Hackney Furnishing Co. in their advt. on page 4 is yours for 8/9 down. Ask this firm to send you their illustrated price list. It is free.

FREE GIFT OF A FULL NATIONAL JAZZ SET. Readers who accept Hand & Co.'s offer announced in their advt. on page opposite will, on completing payment in six weeks (or less), receive absolutely free a genuine National Jazz Set (12 effects). Accept this wonderful offer now and get your Free Gift in time for Xmas.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST. 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE.—85 pieces 20/-. Cloaks, Robes, Slips, Gowns, Nightles, Flannels, Woollies, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Vests, Napkins, etc. Guaranteed unequalled bargain. Send 2/- for parcel on appro. Cash or terms.—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S Ideal Layette, 30/-. Approval anywhere. 2/- secures a real bargain. Balance 1/- weekly.—Mrs. Harris, Belmont Villa, Wash Common, Newbury.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 130, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's, 125, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'

ACCORDIANS, Concertinas, Gramos., Jazz Sets and Accessories, Violins, Ukuleles, Banjolins, Phenoddles, Mandolins, Banjos.—Vickers, Royal Hill, S.E.10.

GRAMOPHONES.—Build own £40 model for 40/-. Instructions 3d. Lists of Gramophones and Parts Free.—J. B. G., 386, York Road, London, S.W.18.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

WANT TO JOIN THE POLICE? Study at home to pass Educational Test.—Write, Secretary, Police Correspondence College, 302, Burley.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List f., Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London

TREBLE YOUR POULTRY PROFITS!—Free personal advice by Will Hooley, F.Z.S., the world-famous expert, is given to readers of "THE POULTRY WORLD." 3d. every Friday, specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

START CANARY-BREEDING FOR 6/-!—Full details of "CAGE BIRDS" wonderful scheme to help beginners financially and by free practical advice in this week's issue. 2d. at newsagents; 3d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DR. POULSON'S Ointment cures Eczema and All Skin Affections. 3/- at Boots', Taylors' and All Chemists. Soap 1/-.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture appliance. New Discovery, Wonderful! No hurting pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 468 J, 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS and kidney trouble met red at last. Thousands cured by PARKER'S PLUID REMEDY. 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or post free from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No treatment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 3/- post free or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. D. 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately 3/.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.48), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

NERVES: a 7 days' free trial of MULLER NUTRIENT and a free copy of DR. McLEOD'S book are offered on page 35.

READERS' attention is drawn to the free trial offer made in STEPHEN MATTHEW'S advt. on page 37.

FREE.—A 20-page book on Massage. See Fillmore's advt. on page 3. Mention *John Bull* when replying.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds Platinum, Gold, Silver Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return —Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Copperhead Road, Leeds

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for wkly. paymts, enquire, stating size. London Car Co., 82, Theobald's Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRIMNELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-page book about Herbs & how to use them. 2d., post free. —Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Wholesale and retail agents wanted.

AFTER THE WEDDING!—T. Bowen Partington's frank advice to the engaged in to-day's "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 2d. at all newsagents; 4d. by post from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

AUDACIOUS, BRILLIANT, CLEVER and really "modern" are the 12 complete stories in "THE BLUE MAGAZINE" for November —sealed! Authors include "Valentine," Lennox Eyles, and Harold Wimbury. 1/- everywhere. 1/2 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

THERE are several interesting offers made by mail order and other advertisers in this issue. Free catalogues or booklets are offered by JUNO GRAMS, page 6; JOHN NOBLE, page 18; DRAGE, pages 23 and 25; MIDLAND FURNG., page 30; NONN, page 33; CAMB & WESTLEY, page 35; SELBY MFG. CO., page 37. Free samples are offered by PALMOLIVE, page 27; STEPHEN MATTHEWS, page 37; SPIAGNOL, page 42.

IT is interesting to note that O'BRIEN'S first advertisement appeared in *John Bull* 26 years ago. Readers' attention is drawn to a special offer to celebrate the occasion. See page 5.

FREE.—£205 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 29. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma," Crustless Cheese or label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Friday, November 16th, 1928. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry With United Dairies Ltd., Dept. T, Trowbridge, Wilts.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

I have acted as father and adviser to thousands of others. I give advice free, and when I do so I feel the responsibility of a father either in advising a career or in guiding our students to success. Having been the self-constituted father and adviser to thousands of others, it is possible I may be able to help you and guide your footsteps so that you may make a success of your life.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL & MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD.

IT IS QUITE TRUE

and I state most emphatically that there are thousands of men earning less than half of what they could earn simply because they do not know where the demand exceeds the supply. Thousands of people think they are in a rut simply because they cannot see the way to progress. This applies particularly to Clerks, Book-keepers, Engineers, Electricians, Builders, Joiners, etc. They do not realise that in these particular departments the demand for the well trained exceeds the supply. In Technical trades and in the professions employers are frequently asking us if we can put them in touch with well trained men. Of course, we never act as an employment agency, but it shows us where the shortage is. In nearly every trade or profession there is some qualifying examination, some hall-mark of efficiency. If you have any desire to make progress, to make a success of your career, my advice is free; simply tell me your age, your employment, and what you are interested in, and I will advise you free of charge. If you do not wish to take that advice, you are under no obligation whatever. We teach all the professions and trades by post in all parts of the world, and specialise in preparation for the examinations. Our fees are payable monthly. Write to me privately at this address: The Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield

Note Address: Dept. 31,

The BENNETT COLLEGE, Ltd., SHEFFIELD

TESTED, TRIED & PROVED~

"Yadil" started with an offer to the Medical Profession only—that was in 1916. Then five years later it was advertised widely to the public. The claims made in advertising were without exception based on the medical reports received between 1916 and 1921. No claim originated with the proprietors of "Yadil."

It has been sold everywhere to men of every race and colour. It has penetrated the jungle as well as the drawing-rooms of Mayfair. Never yet has it done harm. Everywhere it has done good. It has been employed successfully in strange tropical diseases as well as in the everyday complaints of civilisation. Every treatment and every claim made for its use is the result of experience, the dosage advocated is that which has proved correct, the method of administration is based on practice It will strike at the root of :—

Influenza, Common Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pneumonia, Mumps, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Whooping Cough, Typhoid Fever, Pernicious Anæmia, Autotoxæmia, Tonsilitis, Puerperal Sepsis, Throat Affections, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Carbuncle, Meningitis Blood Poisoning, Cystitis, Burns, etc.

Obtainable from all leading chemists in various sizes.
LIQUID & PILLS from 2/6, OINTMENT from 1/3
PASTILLES 1/- per tin, SOAP 1/- per tablet.

Have you sent for your free copy of The Yadil Book of Home Treatment. If not, write to-day. It may save you from days of anxiety, illness and trouble. A postcard will bring it.

YADIL PRODUCTS (1925), Ltd., Sicilian House, London, W.C.1.

Many Interesting Offers

by Mail Order and other Advertisers appear in this issue.

Readers need never hesitate to respond to advertisers' announcements, as JOHN BULL guarantees every trade advertisement.

The Guarantee appears on page 2.

It's So Easy For You to Enjoy Good Health

Don't delay a minute—Go at once and ask your chemist for a package of the little sugar-coated purely vegetable laxative, CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They are small, easy to swallow and move the bowels in a gentle manner without pain.

Constipation, which robs you of your capacity for enjoyment, cannot exist if you cleanse your system regularly with CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Poor Complexion, all are relieved quickly. Try them to-night—you will enjoy your sleep, and to-morrow awake refreshed.

All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-
The genuine bear signature *Beecham*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Don't Buy a Gramophone.

MAKE one at quarter price, with Double motor, 12 in. Velvet Table, Brass Arm, Sound-box, Amplifier, Needle Cups, £3 . 12 . 6 or buy Lilliaphone as above, size 22 x 20 x 14, complete for £5 cash, paid, Uxbridge, 2/6. Repair parts. Lists free. 64 pp. Drawings and how to make Gramophones, 1d.

No. 18C

45/- Discount REMARKOPHONE. REMARKABLE FITTINGS Co. (92), 159, Old Street, London, E.C.1

JUNOPHONE BARGAINS

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR From 2/- DOWN

You may have any Junophone model, complete with Records of your selection, on FREE TRIAL for 14 Days. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. All-British Junophones are world-famous—beautiful in tone and workmanship. You get a high-grade Gramophone, in addition to an artistic piece of furniture, guaranteed for many years. Our catalogue is full of bargains—all kinds of Gramophones for your selection from 2/- deposit and EASY MONTHLY TERMS to suit you. Try Before You Buy, without obligation. Money refunded if not completely satisfied. Write NOW for FREE Art Catalogue.

Established 30 years.

JUNO GRAMOPHONE Co., DEPT. D.1, 169, Hampstead, London, E.C.2

JUNOPHONE

It will not let you miss your train

All through the night he waits his cue, and prompt to the tick he'll call you. He isn't fast, he isn't slow. Solid, elegant, mellow-toned and beautifully finished in red enamel lacquer—he's built to serve you through the years.

None genuine without the Red Butterfly on Dial.

7/6 THAT'S ALL.

Sold by all leading Watchmakers and Jewellers.

Red Butterfly
ALARM CLOCK

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

We offer you the FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE

From 7/6 monthly

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee stylish well-fitting garments.

TERMS · Our Bargain Prices are for deferred payments Send a small amount with order, and complete purchase in monthly payments Fullest approval in your own home. Patterns Post Free. Send post card for styles & pa terms cut from the actual cloths. Suits from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

IF YOUR STOMACH TORMENTS YOU

DO THIS FOR QUICK RELIEF.

A great deal of digestive suffering is due to excess stomach acid which causes heartburn, flatulence, stomach pain and other distressing symptoms. By taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt you not only remove the cause of the trouble and instantly neutralise the harmful acid, but your digestive organs are soothed, healed and strengthened in a wonderful way, and normal healthy digestion results. Because it is so quick, so safe and so sure in ending digestive troubles, doctors everywhere recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia and use it in hospitals. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is absolutely unequalled as an indigestion remedy and food corrective, yet it costs only 1s. 3d. a package (either powder or tablet form) at all chemists. If your stomach ever torments you get 'Bisurated' Magnesia at once and recapture the pleasure of care-free, painless digestion.

Sunlight *in the* six-months' *night*

High on the icy coasts of the Far North, under the six months' shadow of the Arctic night, the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company hold the outposts of civilisation.

Yet even in their long dark winter, they have a reminder of sunnier climes — for the soap they use is Sunlight. Brought hundreds of miles over the frozen road by dog-team, Sunlight Soap comes like a message from the British women who first discovered its supreme merits, and whose example has spread the cult of Sunlight from pole to pole.

2,072,000 Tablets of Sunlight Soap every working day. 629 million tablets in the course of a year, that is the huge output necessary to supply the world's demand for this best and purest of all soaps.

In Iceland too, in Finland, in Latvia —even in South Georgia amid the wastes of the Antarctic—they use Sunlight, the soap that is pure as the snow and makes linen snowy-white.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Used in 134 *different* countries.

S.378-109

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

ALL THE LATEST HITS *from which to choose*

A 10" EDISON-BELL WINNER RECORD

DOUBLE SIDED ELECTRICALLY RECORDED

free FOR 70 COUPONS

HERE ARE A DOZEN POPULAR TITLES

When ordering, please state: GIFT and SERIAL number; i.e., Gift No. 348. Serial No. 4856 (or No. selected) & so on.

4856	IN OLD VIENNA. Where is My Mever?	Fox-trots with Vocal Chorus.	Plaza Band
4848	MY INSPIRATION IS YOU.	Fox-trot.	Harry Hudson's Melody Men
	Sing-Song Girl of Old Shanghai.	Fox-trot.	
4849	FIREFLY	Fox-trot.	Plaza Band
	Just Like Darby and Joan.	Waltz.	" "
4854	BLUEBIRD, SING ME A SONG.	Song.	Billy Elliott
	There Must be a Silver Lining.	Song.	" "
4857	THAT'S MY WEAKNESS NOW.	Comedy Song.	Randolph Sutton
	Jogging Along Behind the Old Gipsy Mare.	Song.	" "
4843	WATCHING FOR A BLUEBIRD.	Fox-trot Song.	Billy Elliott
	Just a Little Fond Affection.	Waltz Song.	" "
4844	STAY OUT OF THE SOUTH.	Blues Song.	Billy Elliott
	Broken Dreams.	Waltz Song.	" "
4845	YOU CAN FEEL IT DOING YOU GOOD!	Comedy Fox-trot Song.	Randolph Sutton
	Sunshine.	Fox-trot Song.	" "
4842	SPANISH ROSE.	Waltz Song.	Chas. Hall
	Juanita.	Fox-trot Song.	" "
4833	TOGETHER.	Waltz Song.	George Campbell George Hoover
	After My Laughter Came Tears.		
4829	TOGETHER.	Waltz.	The Plaza Band
	Ramona.	Waltz.	
4825	OL' MAN RIVER.	Vocal.	Billy Elliott
	A Room with a View.	Vocal.	" "

Send for List of Over 250 Records to Choose From

You don't have to be content with last year's favourites—all the latest hits, dance, vocal and instrumental, are immediately available to Black Cat cigarette smokers. Only the finest and best in cigarettes and gifts are good enough for the discriminating smokers of

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6D.

(Dept. 8) Gifts Dept.
CARRERAS LTD., Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, N.W.1.
Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Only one of these signed coupons accepted

Made by CARRERAS LTD., *in their* NEW WONDER FACTORY, *which will keep* BLACK CAT CIGARETTE QUALITY FOR EVER ON TOP!

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Week ending Saturday, Nov 10, 1928. Twopence. Vol. XLIV. No. 1169.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage all over the world, ½d.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

A Knuckle-duster.

What the industrial towns think of the Government, Ashton-under-Lyne had a chance to say—and said it with the Labour vote 2,100 up, the Liberal 600 up, and the Conservative 1,800 down!

No Safety in "Safeguarding."

The Government's only pretence of an industrial policy is "safeguarding" and the shifting of rates on "production" for other people to pay. Baldwin put these to the front at Ashton, and saw them voted down by over two to one.

Sharks and Shirkers.

Everybody knows—none better than the land sharks—how both ratepayers and industry are bled by the land ramp. Why do this Government and Parliament shirk the obvious job?

Follow Up.

In his League of Nations speech, Baldwin practically pledged the Government to reverse the blunders of the past year. Words must be followed by deeds.

It's British.

The League of Nations Union has the backing of King and Prime Minister as a truly British movement for the good of this country—and the world. They read the British people rightly. Some Ministers do not.

The Evil Balance.

Wherever machinery improves, unemployment worsens. What to do with the human labour displaced is a question for the best brains of the age. Progress must not be accompanied by human beings left to rot.

Nearer Home.

The *Daily Mail* is greatly agitated over alleged food queues in Russia and the shortage of bread. We are more concerned with the starvation in Britain, which the *Mail* hasn't, so far, noticed.

Laugh and Grow ——.

Jollity, says an expert, has a social value. It also has a health value and a national value if the Government knew it. And that's one reason why it would pay handsomely to settle unemployment.

Rural Life.

Drinking-water running through some Norfolk villages smells so vilely that it has to be "dosed" with disinfectants. There would be work for a good number now unemployed if the watercourses of the country were all made sanitary.

The Link.

A splendid new railway has been opened between Nice and the Italian town of Coni. Steel rails are better than steel fortresses for keeping friendliness and peace between nations.

It Can Be Done.

Famine will be combated in India by the new dam at Bhatgar, now the largest in the world. And it can be ended, everywhere, just as soon as science is properly and similarly used.

Bad Tactics.

The decision of the Canadian Customs authorities to impose a duty on artificial silk is a mistake. It is these tight bandages that prevent the healthy flow of trade round the world.

Work Ahead.

During the next few years Surrey will expend £1,000,000 on road-making. And more than that will come back to Surrey in business through better transport facilities.

Towards Beauty.

Fine trees and even flowers are to border many of Britain's new roads. "The Roads Beautifying Association" knows its job. Only because beauty is rare does ignorance seek to destroy it.

First Steps.

Disease-proof dustbins are now compulsory throughout Westminster. But why not compulsory throughout the country?

Twopence Coloured, Penny Plain.

The penny Post Office Handbook, withdrawn because it "interfered" with the sale of a sixpenny guide, must be reissued. If the Government want Tom, Dick and Harry to practise thrift, why the dickens doesn't it make it easy to do it?

A WORD IN *YOUR* EAR

THE November elections have come and gone. There is fresh blood in every city, town and borough council.

Some of you have got what you want. Some of you haven't. All of you have got what you asked for.

Pleased or disgruntled, what are you going to do about it? Sit down and purr with satisfaction at having won a battle? Sit down and lick wounds while you mourn having lost one?

Either way is rotten. The work of the city, the town, the borough is your work.

The money that will be spent in the next twelve months is your money. You earn it with the sweat of your brow, often with the hard toil of your back and hands. Don't grumble if it is wasted.

Whether your man—or woman—or those belonging to another Party won the seat on the council, it was won on certain promises. If they were good promises, see that they are kept. Keep in touch with your representatives!

A friendly chat is ever so much more effective to promote good work than a stab in the back!

Depression.

Only 36 per cent. of the shipbuilding slips in the country are occupied. Better business acumen would secure orders to fill the lot. The world cannot get along without new shipping.

Leakage.

Before the war, Britain was building 60 per cent. of the ships of the world. The present drop to 43 per cent. shows bad management somewhere.

Get Busy.

Manchester Corporation, determined to lessen distress, is tackling local unemployment in a businesslike fashion. Public works are wanted everywhere and "Paddle your own canoe" is quite a good motto.

Retort Courteous.

Manchester's reply to Mr. Baldwin's appeal to employers was: "We are not unmindful of the acute distress, but—we have 27,754 persons on the live registers of our own city." Pithy!

Heroes All.

Never were Carnegie cheques better earned that when John Vernmee and Lewis Noble worked for three hours under falling roof in Ellistown Colliery to rescue a comrade. Such deeds raise industry to an epic of heroic adventure.

"Good" Business.

Six companies handling dairy products last year declared net profits of £2,690,095. The margin between profit and profiteering in milk is a very fine line.

Barefoot Bairns.

Complaints reach us that where poor relief is given boots for the children are unobtainable from the Miners' Relief Fund. We don't believe that is what contributors to the fund intended.

Despair.

Miners are offering their bodies, after death, for scientific research, if thereby a few present shillings can be gained to keep their children from starving. Can pitifulness go further?

Food Gamble.

Another jump in flour has stung the poor. If our advice were taken, those responsible for such gymnastics would get a sting to remember.

Drastic, but Deserved.

Millers who hold the pistol of boycott at the heads of bakers trying to cheapen bread deserve imprisonment.

Laughter for Sale!

Who says it's a sad world? How can it be, when on November 8 you can buy the "John Bull Christmas Annual" for 6d.? Biggest—best—and brightest. Hurry along, please!

Jail Goals.

Welcome to the innovation by which Liverpool football teams compete weekly against young inmates of Walton Jail. We congratulate Colonel Rich, the governor, for attempting to implant the sporting spirit in juvenile offenders.

Rise Refused.

The Cardiff Advisory Committee is thoroughly justified in refusing to sanction a £500 rise in the mayor's salary, which, originally £1,500, has already leapt to £3,100. Whatever is expected of the mayoral position, there is no excuse for municipal extravagance.

Railways' Frantic Move.

The road transport companies will have to look out. The railway companies are after their blood! They threaten reprisals, and an announcement just made shows to what lengths they are prepared to go. After November 1, fares are to be reduced on all lines—*for dogs!*

Misshapen Morals.

Science has a high-sounding name for the ruling passion by which Horace Winston Guy Hurrell, despite previous terms of penal servitude, continued to purloin other folks' motor-cycles. Then why not call it kleptomania, and treat him as a mental case instead of sending him to jail for another three years?

Searching for Strychnine.

Once again we read of a doctor's car, stolen from outside a house near Victoria, S.W., amongst the contents of which were tubes of morphia and a quantity of strychnine. A vehicle carrying deadly drugs should never be left unattended, and it is time a regulation was framed making such carelessness criminal.

Hungry Kiddies.

The Manchester General Purposes Committee must sanction the raising of relief for children demanded by the board of guardians to 3s. a child. Fivepence a day will still be considered a low food estimate for those who believe the Duke of York's slogan, "Take care of the young, and the country will take care of itself."

Dangerous Dairyman.

James Rhodes, of Hopton, had better acquire a sterilisation plant and register himself as a dairyman if he wants to escape worse treatment than a 20s. fine. The Lowestoft Bench is perfectly justified in excluding unqualified and unequipped milksellers from the borough. But since Rhodes had been warned before, why only a 20s. fine?

Driving the Young.

The number of juveniles working eight and ten hours a day, with no provision whatever for holidays, is surprising and disgraceful. Sir Wyndham Deedes, chairman of the National Conference on the Welfare of Youth, rightly warns employers of the boomerang they are sending forth in undermining the health of to-morrow's skilled workers.

Never Say Die.

The gloomy forecast of Dr. G. Lissant Cox, Central Tuberculosis Officer, that, owing to industrial depression, Lancashire's last year's death-rate from the disease, the lowest in the country, cannot be maintained, is worth disproving. We believe that public health measures and better conditions for workers can triumph over hardships.

Still Old-Fashioned.

Callous and indifferent to her children, one of whom she "sold" for half a pint of beer to a caravan-dweller, and leaving others without food or fire to attend a fair, Martha Scrivens, of Nuneaton, is a hundred years behind the times in her ideas of parenthood. But in prescribing two months' jail as a cure, we are not exactly a hundred years ahead in our ideas of reform.

Ruinous Rent.

When Louie Foster, of Stockwell, having two children and expecting a third, was put on probation for attempted theft, it transpired that she and her husband were paying 28s. weekly for one room. It is time such grasping landlords felt the legal stranglehold.

National Menace.

A man, his wife, their nine children, one a girl of sixteen, are compelled to call a 12 ft. by 9 ft. room, with only one window, a home, at Wallasey. One child is a dwarf, two suffer from rickets, the father is a consumptive! Parliament must give the people Protection—from the grave!

New Lamps for Old.

Electric cap lamps, a proven safeguard against miners' nystagmus, and a newly approved flash lamp of five or six candle power, advocated by the Institute of Mining Engineers, should have the serious consideration of coalowners. It is disgraceful that the Old Country should lag behind the United States in protecting her underground workers.

Worth a Bonnet!

In the terrible railway smash at Charfield, a Salvationist sprang from the railway coach with her clothing alight. After rapidly smothering the flames, she recollected that a man was still left in the burning carriage. Courageously climbing back into the blazing coach, she released his pinioned foot, and brought him to safety; but the lady would not reveal her name. The Salvation Army is rightly proud of this young heroine, and is offering £1 reward for her name and address, so that it may present her with a new Army bonnet.

Whitehall Workers.

Alleged extravagances in Whitehall should not queer the pitch of the 3,000 charwomen in Government offices, who, travelling twice daily to work, pay as much as 4s. in fares out of a 28s. wage. Until the Westminster Housing Association's proposals to build workers' homes locally materialises, travelling expenses should not be grudged to these toilers of the scrubbing-brush.

Man and the Ostrich.

Dr. Bernard Hollander is of opinion that if a married couple would dwell together in unity each must, to an extent, be blind to the other's faults. We cannot agree. A real friend is one who clearly perceives our imperfections, yet sticks to us in spite thereof. This is doubly true in the case of man and wife. Only a fool would bury his head in the sand, and claim: "I see not, therefore I cannot be seen."

Callous Comment.

In assessing damages for the parents of Frederick William Foad, a Whitstable lad of fourteen, who was killed by a motor-car, it would be difficult to imagine a more callous comment to the jury than, "What the parents might have lost was not a large sum it was not as though the bread-winner had been killed." Mr. and Mrs. Foad were awarded £75. Monetary compensation, however, is poor consolation to bereaved parents.

No time to lose

—but still time to win "Bullets" Record £4,000 prize.
Full details appeared in last week's "JOHN BULL"—closing date, Saturday, November 10. Tackle this week's contest for £300 and 300 Christmas Dinners when you've posted your entry for

"BULLETS" £4,000

The Stage's Power.

When he wrote his play "Justice," Mr. Galsworthy put "paid" to the horrible system of solitary confinement. With "To What Red Hell," Mr. Percy Robinson, a young Irish dramatist, has signed the death-warrant of the still more horrible system of capital punishment. The Cabinet ought to be taken to this play *en masse!*

Bad to Worse.

As his own place was unfit to keep greengrocer's stock, William Henry Harvey thought he could keep his underfed ponies in a filthy stable, for which the Greenwich magistrates have served him out a month's hard labour. Our part is to remember that the proper housing of humans is the rock-bottom step to their decent provision for animals.

Where are the Inspectors?

The death of Bertie Nunn, aged twenty, though pronounced from "natural causes," lashes out at the unnatural methods obtaining at a Bury St. Edmunds sugar-beet factory. Whether optional for workmen or not, eight hours' work in severe heat, without a fixed break for meals, savours of the treadmill. We are astonished that action has not been taken long ago.

Paucity and Profit.

A resident of Suffolk ordered a truck of coal in early September. As, a month later, it had not been delivered, enquiry was made of the dealer as to the cause of the delay. The owners, he was informed, had restricted output 35 per cent. in the hope of maintaining high prices. To deprive colliers of work and the public of coal in order to secure excessive profit is a dastardly proceeding.

Easy Money!

E. Barker, who trades as Poynton Mills, Poynton, Cheshire, invites ambitious souls to send him 2s. for full instructions how to make money "easily, honourably and quickly." In return, he sends a four-page leaflet, marked at 4s., which sets forth such edifying schemes as the marketing of home-made "anti-fat soap," "anti-dyspepsia mixture," and an "ideal hair-curling preparation." He should be stopped.

Fade-Away Indian.

Operating from an address in Bernard Street, Brunswick Square, London, W.C., an Indian named M. Abdool Rahman, has sent out printed circulars inviting people to send 10s. for the secret of a "new Indian method of birth control." We do not know how many have fallen for this lure, but one gentleman who received nothing for his money called at the address in question to find that Abdool had left suddenly, following a visit from the police.

Sinister Invitation.

A reader has sent us a curious communication she received from a stranger signing himself "Geo. Gardner." It is dated from "Euston Station," and states that the writer wants a "companionable housekeeper," who is broad-minded and not too elderly. He also wants a reply on the same sheet of paper on which his invitation is penned, and a stamped envelope that he encloses is addressed c/o the Post Office, Birmingham. Altogether too shady for our liking.

Rich Man's Privilege.

It is all very well for the Mountain Ash Stipendiary to hurl a tirade at and fine John Owen, an unemployed miner, £5 for allowing his schoolboy son to help him in street betting. But what about the £100,000 telephone order provisionally placed with the G.P.O. by a well-known firm of London bookmakers to instal a private telephone line from its offices to every town in England and Wales with a population of over seventy thousand? Betting laws will never be just till what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

GHOSTS *that* HAUNT ME

by General Sir IAN HAMILTON, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

HAVING been suddenly laid upon my back by a bacillus, I was, naturally, feeling rather flat. This feeling was aggravated by the thought that I must be absent from parade on Armistice Day and would be unable to do my duty on that red-letter date.

At that moment a letter was put into my hands—a letter from the chairman of the British Legion, saying that JOHN BULL wanted something written about Armistice Day, and that he, the chairman, hoped I would be able to play up.

In this I recognised the guiding hand of Fate and so resolved to squeeze out some ideas about Armistice Day and send them in—"for love" as some people say, or "for nothing" as others rather surprisingly put it.

In due course the procedure upon Armistice Day will solidify into an Anglo-Saxon ritual. When that happens, when it has all become a matter of "good form" or "bad form," there will be no use writing or saying anything about it. If grandpapa did it, then the kiddies will be taught by grandmamma to do it too.

But at the moment there are all sorts of diverse opinions in the air. Owing mainly to the organised efforts of the British Legion, the occasion has not only become sentimentally important, but, in a sense, politically important also.

Thus we have the clergy making a strong bid for the handling of the procedure; we have pacifists eager to make use of it for object-lessons in disarmament; we have the ex-Service man himself who certainly feels a keen pleasure in marching in the ranks once more, keeping step to a fine military band and feeling surge up in his breast all the gay, irresponsible Old Adam of the past.

Last, but not least, we have the war profiteer, he who grew fat on gunpowder; he is standing there, too, looking at the Cenotaph. What do they all think about, I wonder?

What do they think?

What do those atoms of food for powder think; those who have escaped as by miracle with their bare lives, and usually nothing more, from the network of trenches which lay like spiders' webs covered with dead flies right across the whole width of the Western Front?

All of them, I fancy, even the profiteer, start off the Two Minutes' Silence by thinking of their lost comrades.

But those who fixed that period of time have made it too long for some of us. Prayer is another matter. No doubt a man can command his thoughts in prayer for quite a time.

But so extraordinarily swift and volatile is thought that in one instant you can project yourself into space beyond the sunlight; in another fling yourself into the depths of the ocean. And even if you have a series of pictures of lost comrades in your mind's eye, even so you will run through them all in one minute.

Speaking for myself, I have had the sad experience of losing a greater number of comrades in battle than Cæsar or Charlemagne in all their dread careers.

But, for the purposes of the Two Minutes' Silence, it is not so much to the massed carnage of the Manchurian War or the Great War in Europe that my mind carries me.

I ought, no doubt, to think only of those who died in the Great War. Yet, when I consciously set myself thinking, one of the first I always think about is Sir George Colley.

Sir George Colley stretched out, exactly as the effigy of a knight lies in a cathedral, upon the flattened summit of Majuba. His face I have to imagine, for a cloak has been flung over it, but that is one reason why I remember it the better, and the wound, though I saw it not.

Had death so composed his limbs, or the pious hands of the foe? I know not. There he lay upon a site which might have been selected by Valkyries for a hero's grave, midway between the two armies, on the frontier line between the Transvaal and Natal with an eagle's outlook over both.

Staggering sight

Elandslaagte gives me my next two mind-pictures—Elandslaagte into which the Gordons charged home to the shout of "Remember Majuba!" The first is a vivid, clear-cut scene, as fresh to-day as it was at the moment it happened.

My friend and contemporary, Harry Dick Cunyngham, V.C., commanding the Gordons, badly wounded, and yet vigorously struggling and fighting, not with the enemy, but with two Red Cross men who were trying to lift him up on to a stretcher.

There was a whole line of dead and wounded Highlanders along that wire fence, but I can no longer call them up as individuals.

The same battlefield. An hour had passed since the last shot had been fired. Sudden darkness had descended upon the veldt, robbing us of the full fruits of our victory. Rain began to pelt; icy rain. The pickets had been thrown out and so we stumbled along over the stony kopje, making our way down to the centre of the enemy's laager, where two or three small tents had been left standing.

Frankie Rhodes and I groped our way into a tent. Inside all was black as pitch, and instead of following my inclination and sinking straightway on to the ground, fortunately I struck a match. Something was hunched up against a roll of bedding and the tent pole.

The match burned brighter. I held it down almost into the face of a huge black-bearded Boer, who glared at me with a glassy stare. Dropping the match, I made for the opening of the tent. The flap had fallen back and I could not find it.

As I was fumbling about the canvas Rhodes struck another match. There at my feet lay the head of a horse. The protruding eyeballs and long teeth were like—well—just like that! No doubt the poor animal in its death struggle had forced its head under the tent fly and that was all.

Peerages and graves

But I did not stop to reason. This second shock was altogether too much for overstrained nerves. I lay down outside in the miserable rain. My waterproof had been thrown away as it had got covered with the blood of the aide-de-camp who had been carrying it during the battle.

Thus ended the proudest day of my military career, an apt illustration of the real ending to that phantom worshipped by mortals under the name of Victory. Oh glorious Victory! Peerages at the one end and war graves at the other. *Morituri te salutant!*

The last vision which still keeps all the vivid colour of the original moment is that of a Russian boy. Across the narrow track along which the Japanese 1st Army was pressing its pursuit after the battle of Liao Yang, he lay dead.

He must have been beloved of the gods to

Ian Hamilton

have died so young, and certainly he himself was as beautiful as a young god. There he lay, without visible scratch, his lips half parted in a smile, his boyhood's grace about him.

A crowded minute

Anything between ten and twenty thousand Japanese soldiers must have stepped over him carefully, for there was not a mark on his uniform. Alone in his glory he lay in the midst of an enemy army. Dying he had thought of his sweetheart and so had saved his corpse and given to it beauty enough and dignity to draw a Field-Marshal's salute from the whole of a Japanese army!

The Royal Naval Division at the Dardanelles has left also a life-like, death-like impression on my mind. Withdrawn from the trenches after a week of night-and-day fighting, where each man had for ever lost some dear friend. The impression of sadness—of grandeur—of grimness.

There they stood during my brief inspection, dead to the world—body and soul. Someone gave the command "Stand easy"—as one man the whole division sank down into the mud and lay there, motionless.

Why these particular pictures choose to come I cannot say. They do come, although they do not belong to the Cenotaph. But my point is that if I can review them all in one minute one minute's silence ought to be enough.

As to the many other points connected with the observance of Armistice Day, I hold no brief either for those who would like to turn it into a frolic or for those who would turn it into a day of retrospect and repentance. My own inclination is to be sad in the forenoon and very jolly and gay in the evening.

But, whatever the feelings of the people may be, one thing is sure: if they formulate those feelings to themselves and clearly decide whether to make a demonstration in favour of peace or to celebrate the memories of war on that Armistice Day which stood once like No-Man's-Land between Peace and War, whichever they do, they may exercise a great influence upon world policy.

On the one hand are secret diplomacies, military commitments, unchecked armaments. On the other are openness, forgiveness of enemies and death to military conscription. So there you have it.

A QUACK TO HANG FROM A LAMP-POST

Bogus Doctor's Wicked Campaign

THERE has lately come to this country a very sinister alien in the person of a self-styled "Specialist of Eye-diagnosis," named Kiep, whose presence in our midst we regard as a very grave menace indeed.

Kiep, who hails from Bremen, adds the prefix "Magn. Dr." to his name and poses as an authority on "curative science." Although he has not been in this country very long he has been singularly active.

He boasts two West End addresses and seems to divide his time between premises in Regent Square and Hunter Street. At the latter address he has actually been visited by women who believed him to be a genuine doctor.

Of course, a self-styled "specialist" cannot come from abroad and establish himself in the heart of London with a view to building up a lucrative practice unless he heralds his arrival with a little personal trumpet blowing.

The trumpet favoured by B. Kiep, of Bremen, takes the form of a four-page pamphlet, headed "The Secret of Restoring Youth," and a more nauseating mixture of slush and science can seldom have been compounded.

Repulsive details

Doubtless with a desire to create a weighty impression, Kiep discourses with an affected air of erudition upon the various researches that have been made by doctors and scientists on the momentous subject of prolonging human life.

And, to show his own superiority, he dismisses one pioneer after another, pooh-poohs their theories, derides their experiments and accuses one and all of following futile trails.

In this way he touches upon gland experiments, but his superiority does not prevent him from dwelling upon the most nauseating details of operations that others have tried.

He lingers over the question of injecting human beings with glands from bulls, goats, apes, cows and even sows, and, not content with condemning such experiments outright, he must needs play with the possibilities in the most repulsive terms.

Playing on sufferers

He has to imagine results, and in places his pamphlet strikes one as the ravings of a sexual maniac.

What is this bogus doctor from Bremen driving at? Unless we are very much mistaken, his sole object is to create a stir—to attract attention—thinking by his long catalogue of beastliness to arouse a certain morbid interest.

If such is not the case, why does he go to such pains to enliven his pamphlet with remarks about a Russian who took a female chimpanzee as his wife?

Why does he dwell upon the scandal of a Continental hospital, alleging that the surgeons, in performing an abdominal operation on a woman patient, actually "stole" certain organs to graft on to another patient?

But, you may ask, why is this man Kiep so anxious to surfeit his readers with such a feast of horror? The answer is that there is method in his madness.

He undoubtedly hopes that there will be numerous sufferers amongst his readers, and he is bent upon playing on their minds to enhance their natural antipathy to operations of all kinds.

It is not until page 3 of his pamphlet is reached that Kiep comes down to business and modestly

The Lord Bishop of London, President of the London Council for the Promotion of Public Morality.

explains that there were healing specialists in his family a century ago, when "Kiep's Medicament" against dropsy was a boon and a blessing.

New lease of life

Now, with less modesty, he leaves his family in the background and takes the platform in person. The old family remedy can go to blazes. He, "Magn. Dr. B. Kiep, of Bremen, and of Frankfort," has his own pet specific—the "Kieperol Cure."

All people, he affirms, desire to attain to old age. And eternal youth is the goal of human desire. That is where the "Kieperol Cure" comes in, for it offers a means of attaining old age without the bugbears of numerous ailments and ravaging disease.

But, apart from being a rejuvenating cure, "Kieperol" is emphatically claimed to be a certain cure for gout, rheumatism, dropsy, paralysis, neurosis, paralytic strokes and anything else you like to think of.

No operations, says the cunning Kiep; no injection of animal fluids; no grafting or transplanting of monkey glands. A complete cure can be ensured in twenty-one days and "a new lease of life is now possible for you!"

So confident is this Frankfort fakir that he offers a written guarantee, and even unblushingly asserts that "surprising curative successes have been obtained in cases of cancer."

With the air of one who has the welfare of suffering humanity at heart, he adds dramatically: "It should be used in all cases!"

A three weeks' course of treatment, he claims, would secure immunity for a period of from ten to twenty years!

Undisputed "cures"

On what does he base all these extravagant claims? The answer is: "Further extravagant claims."

His pamphlet states, for instance, that "Kieperol" has already effected no fewer than 3,000 "cures" in cases where doctors had been powerless.

"Many of these cures seemed to border upon the supernatural" is Kiep's innocent comment, but he knows full well that the British public to whom his pamphlet is addressed cannot possibly dispute his contention, as all the 3,000 "cures" are supposed to have taken place in Germany.

In the same way, although the fourth page of the pamphlet is devoted to testimonials from people who are supposed to have been "cured" of such diseases as cancer, dropsy and paralysis, every gushing patient is domiciled abroad!

In a street-corner quack such claims could be dismissed as not likely to have a far-reaching effect; but, as we have already shown, Kiep is endeavouring to establish himself here in the West End of London on a large scale.

His pamphlet announces his readiness to prescribe for any ailment through the post, but misguided patients have actually consulted him in person!

The only point on which this pamphlet seems to be silent is the question of fees; but doubtless Kiep has no fixed scale and, like other quacks, is guided by the appearance of his clients.

Send him back!

It is scarcely surprising, after perusing his pamphlet, to learn that certain complaints of his attitude towards women have been made.

This is a matter which should certainly claim the immediate attention of the authorities, and doubtless the London Council for Public Morals will be interested in the disclosures we have made.

We also feel it our duty to draw the attention of the Home Office to the sinister activities of "Magn. Dr. Kiep, of Bremen."

We do not think that the Home Office need deliberate long upon this matter.

Kiep is clearly an alien of the most undesirable character and he should be sent back to Bremen by the quickest route, while his stock of evil pamphlets should be destroyed.

MINISTRY of MUDDLES

Common-sense Gone West!

IF the theory that the unemployment problem would be eased by transferring labour from distressed areas brought any self-satisfaction to the authorities, the actual manner in which the scheme has worked out in practice ought to bring them everlasting reproach.

Quite recently thirty Welsh miners were brought from places like Pontypridd and Bargoed to Bury St. Edmunds, where they were set to work in a local sugar-beet factory.

What guided the Ministry of Labour in smiling approval upon this move we cannot say, but apparently it lost sight of the fact that there were numerous unemployed in Bury St. Edmunds.

Decrease and increase

At the outset it certainly decreased the number of unemployed in Wales by thirty, but before long it increased the number of unemployed in Bury St. Edmunds by twenty-two, for only eight of the imported workers kept their new jobs and the remainder left after a dispute with the management.

This luckless band found themselves stranded hundreds of miles from their homes, without any prospects of employment, and without even sufficient cash to enable them to return to their wives and families.

An interview was obtained with an official of the Ministry of Labour, but it was only owing to the generosity of the factory authorities in guaranteeing the railway fares that the men were eventually able to get back to Wales.

Apart from the waste of cash and the suffering and disappointment inflicted upon the men and their families, the factory authorities have, of course, been put to a great deal of unnecessary bother.

Yet they were expressly asked by the Ministry of Labour to give these imported men preference over local unemployed.

Another glaring example of bungling is revealed in the experience of six miners brought from Newcastle to work on the construction of a new swimming-bath at Hornsey, London.

Local unemployed were naturally indignant, and raised a spirited protest.

The justice of their grievance could not be denied, and, on the intervention of the borough engineer, the miners were withdrawn, and an undertaking was given to the effect that they would be replaced by local unemployed.

Friction and waste

All this friction and waste could easily have been avoided had a little common-sense been exercised before moving the miners in question so many hundreds of miles from their homes for work which, at best, could only be of a temporary nature.

We have the fullest sympathy for the distressed workers in mining districts, but no one can feel that their interests are being served when the Ministry of Labour makes such appalling blunders as those just cited.

THE LYON *and the* LAMB

Gold Swindle: Curious Sequel

Col. E. Satterthwaite, Secretary of the Stock Exchange, where the concerns here criticised have no official recognition

A FEW weeks ago a gentleman drove up to a farm at Crown Hill, Devon, and sought to obtain an interview with the owner.

The latter was at first inclined to receive his visitor coldly, for he recognised him as a Mr. G. J. Lyon, who had called upon him some two years previously in the capacity of a share salesman.

As a result of those earlier visits, the farmer had become interested in two companies known as the Gold Exploration Company, of Canada, Ltd., and the Porcupine Midfield Gold Mines, Ltd., and Mr. Lyon, who gave his address as Regent Street, London, finally induced him to invest all his available cash, a matter of some hundreds of pounds.

Months had then passed without result. The anticipated profits did not materialise, and letters addressed to the companies concerned brought forth no response.

That is why he was at first inclined to frown upon Mr. Lyon on the occasion of his recent visit.

But Mr. Lyon met his frowns with composure. He deeply regretted the part he had played in urging the farmer to plunge so heavily, but he hastened to confess that he himself had been sadly taken in by a gang of rogues.

He had only just discovered that they were all in a conspiracy together to run bogus companies for the purpose of relieving unsuspecting investors of their cash.

Their plot, however, had been discovered in the nick of time by the American police, and the five leaders of the gang were now in prison as a result.

An official trustee had, therefore, been appointed by the authorities to wind up the companies for the benefit of the many victims.

Small deduction

At this juncture, Mr. Lyon produced a cheque for £744, signed "P. Burns," who, he explained, had come from America in connection with the official winding-up of the companies involved.

Of course, the farmer's frowns melted away. He promptly pocketed the cheque, expressing his relief that things had turned out so well.

Mr. Lyon now explained that, of course, the cheque for £744 represented the gross amount due, and that no deduction had been made in respect of United States land-tax.

A sum of £36 12s. was due to the American Government, and he had been authorised by Mr. Burns to collect a cheque for that amount.

The farmer gladly did as he was asked, and made out a cheque on the spot, payable to Mr. P. Burns, which Mr. Lyons took with him.

Twice had

A few days later the cheque for £744 came back from the bank on which it was drawn, marked "No account," and when the chagrined farmer made enquiries he discovered that his own cheque for £36 12s. had been cashed by Mr. Lyon within a few hours of his visit.

The truth is that Mr. Lyon and Mr. P. Burns are one and the same person. All the companies which figured in his plausible stories were ramps, which had saddled countless victims with worthless stock.

The story of the five leaders who had been arrested and sent to jail was likewise a figment of Mr. Lyon's vivid imagination.

Lyon is a common swindler who has operated from many addresses in London, and who is an accomplished representative of that class of crook who will never rest until a victim has been fleeced of his last farthing.

GRIM NORTH SEA STORY

The Death Boat

AN old sailor has just passed away at Lowestoft in circumstances which call for public comment. He was James Taylor, of Mill Lane, Wrentham, who, for the past few years, had worked as a farm labourer.

But the sea was in his blood, and when things on the farm recently became slack, he decided to resume his seafaring life once more, although he was fifty-four years of age.

So he shipped on the trawler *Valentia* in the capacity of cook, and sailed from Lowestoft on October 1.

Sad plight

It was eighteen years since he had been to sea, and doubtless the old man's heart thrilled as he first felt the little vessel heaving bravely under his feet.

But if the spirit was willing the flesh was weak. Taylor was seasick as soon as the trawler left the harbour, and soon he was prostrate in his bunk.

When the vessel had been a week at sea the old sailor was no better, but said that he would like to get on deck. He was carried up and placed in an open boat, with two cylinder covers and a strip of cocoanut matting as bedding.

There he was seen by a doctor, when the vessel returned to Lowestoft on October 9, in a state of collapse, being terribly dirty, neglected, and very ill.

He was removed to hospital, but was so ill that he could not be washed for twenty-six hours. Then every care was taken of him, but in spite of all efforts he finally died.

It was found that he had been suffering from a large chronic duodenal ulcer.

One medical view was that he would have stood more chance of recovering had he been better cared for during his last tragic voyage, and that he was on the verge of dying from exposure when ultimately brought back to port.

Callous inhumanity

A steam trawler is not a bed of roses at the best of times, but most people will think that more consideration might have been shown for the welfare of this old salt.

It is, of course, unreasonable to expect the captain or crew to have diagnosed Taylor's trouble; but it should have been apparent that he was suffering from something more serious than seasickness.

As it was, no care was taken of Taylor's bodily condition from the time he was put in the open boat on a Sunday evening until the following Tuesday morning.

To leave a sick man in such circumstances without any cleansing and without proper attention is an act of gross inhumanity.

Deserved censure

We understand that Frank Bloomfield, the captain, Thomas Turrel, the mate, and Harry Newrick, the chief engineer, have all been publicly censured at Lowestoft for their "callous disregard" for the comfort of the deceased.

Perhaps this wider publicity will have a chastening effect, and though repentance cannot bring James Taylor back to life, it is fitting that those who neglected him so shamefully should be made to realise the enormity of their conduct.

At the same time, if regulations regarding the welfare of sick people on coasting vessels are so vague as to leave skippers in doubt as to their duty, perhaps the Board of Trade will overhaul them forthwith so that there can be no repetition of the tragedy of James Taylor.

Three Bad Brothers

Sinister Family Failing

HARRY MOTTS, Frederick Motts and John Henry Motts, of the Market Place, Norwich, are three brothers, who are butchers by trade.

They share the same slaughterhouse, but we fear that they have other things in common besides, one being an apparent disregard for the public health.

At least, all three recently came under the notice of the health authorities on individual charges of a very grave character. *They made their individual bows in the local police-court on the same day.*

Harry Motts was summoned on three counts. First, for being in possession of a cow's liver intended for food which was unfit for human consumption; then for a similar offence in respect of a cow's lung; and, finally, for slaughtering a cow without the use of the humane killer.

Fines for all

Although Harry Motts stoutly declared that he had no intention of attempting to sell the meat, he was found guilty on all counts.

He escaped with a fine of £5 in respect of the diseased meat and a fine of £2 for slaughtering without the humane killer.

Brother Frederick then made his bow in respect of four summonses.

It was alleged that he had slaughtered a cow without giving due notice to the authorities and without using the humane killer; also that he had in his possession a cow's liver intended for sale which was unfit, and a cow's skirt in a similar condition.

He, too, was found guilty on all counts, and escaped with fines of £2 each for the first two offences and £3 each for the latter two.

John Henry Motts followed his brothers with six summonses in respect to the slaughter of certain sheep and pigs without giving due notice to the authorities and without the use of the humane killer.

His fines totalled £9, though, in his case, there was not the ugly charge of being in possession of diseased meat.

That is to say, that he had to pay £2 more than brother Harry and only £1 less than brother Fred.

Grave menace

If there is any rhyme or reason in this we fail to see it.

The charges in all these cases are so grave that we cannot feel that the matter should be allowed to die down with the imposition of paltry fines.

The Ministry of Health should call for a confidential report from the local authorities at Norwich and sift the facts very thoroughly.

When three members of a family of butchers are found guilty of serious irregularities, certain of which constitute a grave menace to the public health, no official intervention can be too drastic.

CROOKED COOK'S DARING EXPLOITS

The Great "E" Mystery

Mr. C. Jacob, Chairman of the Public Control Committee of the L.C.C., who should be interested in the disclosures here made

IN these days, when the domestic servant problem tends to grow more and more acute, harassed housewives are apt to lend a ready ear to anyone who offers them a solution of their difficulties.

This fact has been seized upon by a clever woman crook, of many aliases, who for some time past has been preying upon highly placed and wealthy ladies who find it none too easy to secure a qualified and satisfactory cook.

One such lady, who resides in Marylebone, recently advertised in a daily paper for a qualified cook and, within an hour or so of its appearance, received a telephone call from a person who gave the name of Miss Elsie Gilmour.

Smart and bobbed

The purport of Miss Gilmour's telephonic conversation was that, having come to London from the North for a brief holiday, she was now anxious to remain providing she could secure a satisfactory post.

Granted an interview, she was found to be a very smart woman of middle age, whose bobbed hair gave her a much younger appearance.

She explained that she would not have dreamt of giving up her present post, which she had held for five years, at the country home of Lady Maurice Bonham-Carter, who had been kindness itself to her throughout her long service, had it not been that all her friends were in London.

The lady was most impressed and was delighted at the prospect of being able to secure such an experienced cook for her household.

Terms were discussed there and then, and when a date had been fixed for her to take up her new duties, Miss Gilmour herself broached the subject of references.

Happy mistress

Though she knew that Lady Bonham-Carter would be only too pleased to satisfy her prospective mistress on all points, she could furnish other confirmation of her experience if desired.

The lady naturally stated that Lady Bonham-Carter's reference would suffice, and Miss Gilmour arranged to return to Chesterfield to give notice, collect her belongings and obtain the necessary testimonial.

As was usual in such cases, she obtained an advance for her travelling expenses, and departed, leaving her new mistress happy in the thought that her servant problem had been so speedily and satisfactorily solved.

But Miss Gilmour did not appear on the day appointed, and further days elapsed without any news of her.

Enquiries elicited the startling information that she had never been in the employ of Lady Bonham-Carter, who was much annoyed that her name had been so impudently misused.

In the light of this discovery, the Marylebone lady realised that she had been sadly deceived by a woman schemer, whose sole object had been to secure money by means of a cleverly told fairy tale.

Artful moves

The truth is that Miss Gilmour is a systematic swindler who has, in the last month or so, victimised scores of ladies in various parts of the country.

Enquiry into her activities enables us to shed some interesting sidelights upon her methods.

Her cleverness is at once evidenced by the fact that she is careful not to commit herself too deeply. In the whole course of her operations she has never set down anything in writing, nor has she ever divulged her real address.

Remarkable impudence

Every day she purchases copies of the *Morning Post*, the *Evening Standard* and the *Daily Express*, and, combing the advertising columns with discrimination, compiles a private list of ladies seeking servants.

Working on this list, she telephones to each likely victim in turn to arrange interviews, and, so persistently does she work, that she has often contrived to bring off a number of coups in a single day.

With this cleverness she combines remarkable impudence, for, when the advertising columns do not yield sufficient material for her demands, she actually visits domestic employment agencies and bureaux.

In the latter event she recounts similar stories to convince the officials that she is genuinely seeking a highly paid post in a good household.

Then, obtaining special introductions, she will proceed to turn her knowledge to base account by imposing upon prospective employers in the same manner already detailed above.

As may be imagined, she changes her name as frequently as she changes the locality in which she operates.

Amongst those recently used are Edith Baker, Elsie Davis, Emily Ward, Edith Gates, E. Dawson, and E. W. Ward.

In the first of these aliases she recently imposed upon a lady by pretending that she had been five years in the service of the Honourable Mrs. Wright, of the "Gables," Hampstead—which, of course, was pure fiction.

Favourite letter

The sole weaknesses revealed throughout her amazing exploits lie in the fact that she shows a marked preference for the letter "E" when selecting a new Christian name, and invariably claims that her former mistress was a lady of title, whom she had served for *five* years.

One of these days we trust she will find herself in service of a slightly different character, where references will avail her nothing, and where the work imposed upon her will not be of the phantom kind she has hitherto enjoyed.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP WILSON

Ex-Convict's Wily Wangles

A GENTLEMAN giving the name of George Henry Wilson, recently engaged apartments at a Theed Street, Lambeth, boarding-house, and explained that he had just arrived in London from Perth.

He was a very pleasant-mannered individual, and, once he had established himself in the household, confided that he held an important post with a famous firm of constructional engineers.

He had come to London, he added, especially to supervise a big engineering contract which his firm had just obtained.

Tales in a taxi

Using the Theed Street address as his "headquarters," Mr. Wilson approached a local firm of sub-contractors and placed a substantial order for goods to be supplied at a later date.

Having thus obtained the confidence of one of this firm's officials, who was, of course, delighted to get such a promising order, Mr. Wilson complained that he was being greatly inconvenienced through having come to London at very short notice.

One day, when they met to discuss the pending order, Mr. Wilson asked this official if he would mind accompanying him to the City, as he wished to make an urgent call there.

They took a taxi, and, on the way, Mr. Wilson explained that he was having his banking account transferred from the British Linen Bank at Perth to a branch of the Midland Bank, on which branch he was about to call.

He left the sub-contractor waiting in the taxi for some little time, and, when he finally emerged from the bank, his features showed visible traces of annoyance.

As they rode back to the sub-contractor's office Mr. Wilson complained that the transaction he had spoken of had not yet been completed, and it would be doubtful now whether he would be able to draw any money from the London bank for several days.

This was most annoying, he declared, as he was meeting with unavoidable expenses and he hated running up accounts, especially when he was working in a district where he was unknown.

Bait swallowed

He was reluctant to write to his employers for money, as they would perhaps feel that he should have made better arrangements before he departed.

His story was so cleverly recounted that the sub-contractor innocently agreed to advance him a sum of £70 to tide him over his difficulties, pending the transfer of his account from Perth.

Once he had obtained this money, Wilson disappeared from Theed Street, where several people have since been making anxious enquiries about him.

Abused liberty

A letter addressed to the British Linen Bank at Perth revealed the fact that Mr. Wilson had no money there at all, while reference to the engineering company likewise elicited the information that he was quite unknown to the firm, and had no right to use its name in any way whatever.

He certainly came from Perth, however, though this one accurate piece of information contained in his lying story was really only a half-truth.

He had taken up residence at Theed Street, Lambeth, within a day or two of being released on licence from Perth Prison, where he had served a term of imprisonment for the offence of obtaining money by false pretences.

As he has so far only enjoyed a brief spell in which to abuse his liberty, we trust that this exclusive exposure will be in time to save further prospective dupes from falling into his clutches.

The Valley of BLIGHTED MANHOOD

Grim Battles with Hunger

LESS than 40 per cent. of the miners in the Rhondda Valleys of South Wales are at work in the coalfields.

The remainder, their wives and families, exist on the "dole" or on parish relief. This provides a bare subsistence, leaving no margin for boots, clothes, rent or house repair.

Meat is unknown in the miner's household, except for a taste at the Sunday dinner. You will find the women in the markets on Saturday evening, just before closing-time, bartering for a piece of beef or mutton.

The inferior parts are sold by auction, and, if you are lucky, you may get enough to make a family stew for eighteen-pence.

This applies to Sunday only. The rest of the week the household lives on bread and tea, a scrape of margarine and an occasional tin of cheap salmon, with a few potatoes.

Pitiable plight

The men walk about in threadbare garments and boots that make your heart ache, looking for work that is not there.

The children, all praise to the mothers, are well fed whoever goes without, but their clothing and their shoes are pitiable.

You will see a little girl of seven in father's cast-off elevens, dragging herself to school. The plight of the children in this respect is poignant to a degree.

The country, dependent as we all know on the coal trade, is practically bankrupt. The miners' houses in many cases are falling to pieces for lack of repairs. The landlord cannot afford to mend so much as the roof; he cannot even get his rent.

The people who have lent money on mortgage cannot get their interest; shopkeepers cannot get outstanding accounts. Every week the shutters are put up at a grocer's shop.

Ruinous rates

The local tradesman, having given credit to the utmost, is obliged to shut down. His customers cannot pay back debts; they have no money with which to pay.

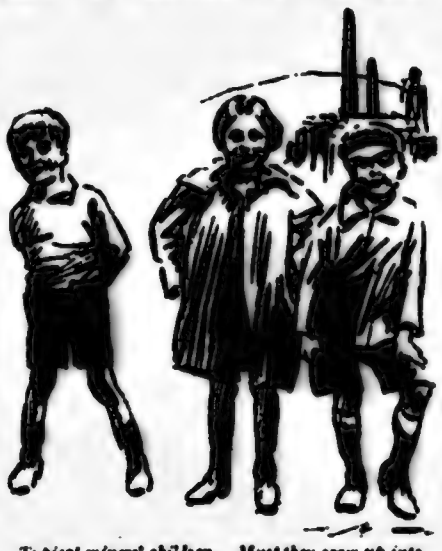
The auction-rooms are full of furniture—taken from the houses of the small and middle-class people who cannot pay their rates, 29s. 6d. in the pound. The guardians are hopelessly in debt; the Union of Merthyr has borrowed £800,000 on assessable values.

In the midst of this heartbreaking poverty and squalor there is growing up a generation of young lads who have never had the discipline of work, who have never been able to achieve a job.

When a boy leaves school his mother loses the 2s. a week allowance from the "dole." He can, however, go to a technical school for another two years on the same level of subsistence.

At sixteen, however, this ceases. How is he to live? He has never worked and so he cannot have the "dole"; he is unmarried, so he cannot claim parish relief through his wife.

A family of mother, father and two sons live in a back kitchen in one of the suburbs of Tonypandy. The place is destitute of furniture.



Typical miners' children. Must they grow up into waisters? Mayn't they have a chance in life?

Truckle beds, a sack of straw and a few boxes make up their possessions.

The floor is clean, the walls whitewashed, but those things that make up a home are entirely lacking.

Hopeless queue

The two boys, seventeen and eighteen, have tramped the countryside for work in vain. They keep body and soul together by risking their life and limb.

They go up to the hillside into the old and disused coal workings, where at any moment the roof may come down, and fill a sack with small coal.

This they carry down a steep gradient, on their backs. They hawk the coal about the streets, and if they are lucky they sell it for a shilling a sack.

To see these youngsters straining under these heavy weights, day after day, in the hope of getting a shilling, tears at the heart-strings.

These boys are not well fed, they cannot be; they never have a good square meal, but exist on that dreadful thing, a bare sufficiency.

This case is typical of hundreds. It is the only chance the lads have to get a meal.

When a boy is wanted at one of the collieries hundreds queue up for the job, piteously anxious to get the opportunity of work.

What is going to happen to this generation, brought up in inactivity, deprived of physical effort and mental training?

Men and boys both are so keen to work that there are always applicants for the hardest kind of labour.

Recently the Miners' Welfare Society completed the excavation of a recreation-ground hewn out of the mountain rock at Clydach Vale.

In this part of the country the mine-heads are so close together that there is not a vacant space for football, tennis or any other game. The only means of obtaining one was to tear the stone out of the hillside.

Stripped homes

The out-of-work miners have excavated 30,000 tons. They play at football and tennis, keeping themselves fit in the hope of a return to work.

For, and this is a point too often missed, long absence from the pit engenders a slackness of muscle and an increase of weight, which makes a man unfit to cut coal.

The miners' homes are bare places. There is hardly one that has not been stripped. Every available thing has gone to the pawnbrokers, who are full to overflowing with all kinds of pledges.

At rare intervals it is acutely necessary to replace a garment, patched to the last inch, and a pair of shoes for one of the kiddies, if none are forthcoming elsewhere.

This life of destitution and hopeless waiting is indescribably depressing. The Rhondda Valleys are weighed down with hopelessness and helplessness.

And yet there are no outbreaks of disorder. According to the local magistrates and other authorities, the percentage of charges has never been so low. You do not see a drunken man. The public-houses are practically empty.

There is a recurrent period when distress among the miners touches rock-bottom. They receive the "dole" for a certain number of weeks and then automatically it is suspended.

Acute injustice

The only chance of food is to obtain parish relief on behalf of wife and children. This, however, is not always immediately forthcoming and there is, consequently, an interval of acute distress.

It is in connection with the payment of the "dole" that the miners suffer under a sense of acute injustice.

It is required of every member of the unemployed that he shall apply for work. In the case of the miner this is a farce. The few mines that are working have their usual quota; the others have no demand

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, the well-known writer, who, at our request, investigated conditions in South Wales

It is necessary, however, for the out-of-work miner to state that he has gone to these derelict mines—in other words, he is obliged to lie. He knows he is lying, the committee knows he is lying. It knows there is no work if he applies fifty times a week.

It is a curious thing, but this legal fiction is partly responsible for the falling off in the percentage of the people who go to church or chapel on Sunday.

According to one of the most popular of the Wesleyan preachers, not more than 10 per cent. of the inhabitants of the Rhondda Valleys go to any place of worship.

"The Welsh are a God-fearing people," said this minister. "It is difficult for a man to praise God with a lie on his soul."

Weary women

There is another reason for this general absence from worship. Neither the men nor their wives have any clothes to go in.

The rags and tatters—past holding needle and thread—that go unnoticed in the general poverty upon a week-day, seem to stand out as an affront on Sunday.

In Mardy, of the Little Rhondda Valley, there are 8,000 people, of whom seventy are at work. The long, straggling street is full of tumbledown cottages, indescribably poverty-stricken.

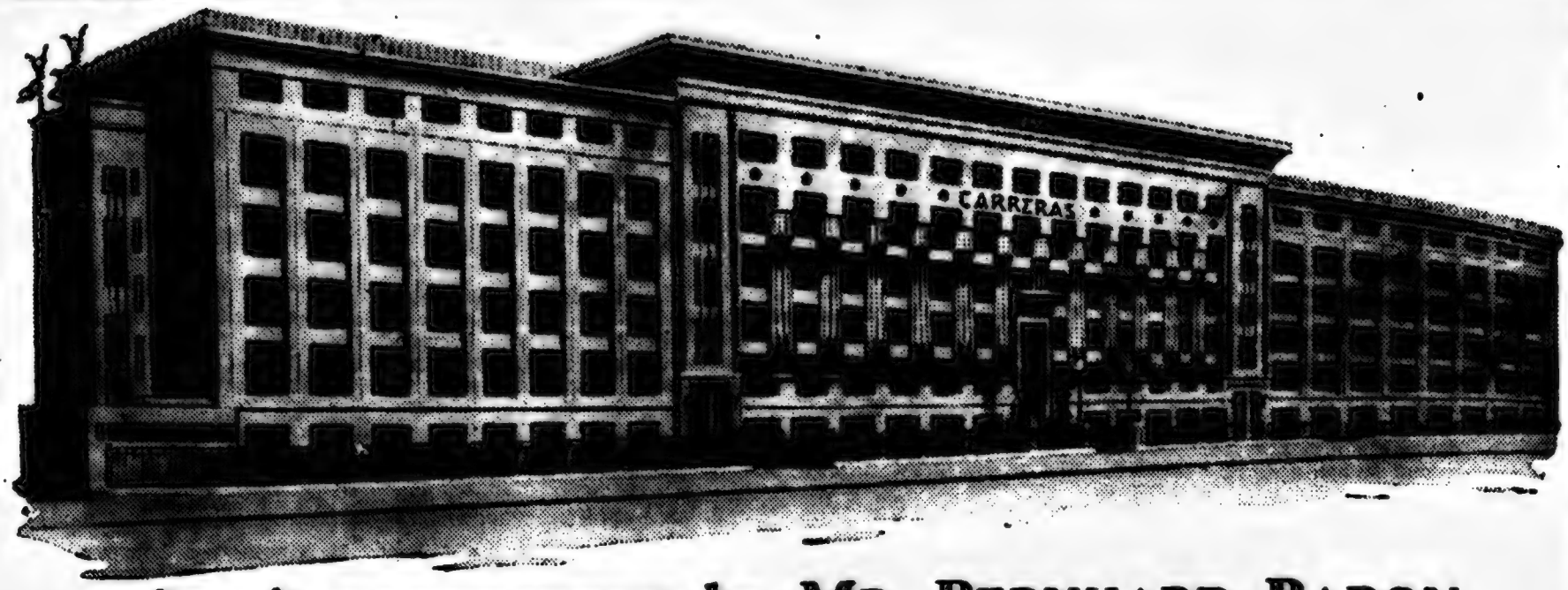
Every few yards you find a shuttered shop; the owner out of business, bankrupt.

The men stand dejected at the street-corners, or walk over the hills looking for work that is not there. The women for the most part stay indoors. They have no heart for gossip, and they have no pride of home.

But a sense of injustice is not confined to the unemployed. Many of the men working in the mines smart under gross unfairness.

It was agreed at the last settlement that if a collier, working on an unprofitable patch of coal, failed to make the minimum wage of £2 11s. on his tonnage the difference between what he earned and that amount was to be made up by the employer. This is not always done.

This is one of many grievances which leaves the working miner with a burning sense of injustice.



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NIGHTMARE or DREAM?

Plain Hints on Murder

by MILES MALLESON

"VERY like rabbits, occupied with their lettuces while their hutches are in danger of catching fire"—that is how H. G. Wells, in a recent novel, described the inhabitants of all our great cities. There is a disquieting amount of truth in the simile.

Quite recently, trial air-raids took place over London. In these trials it was proved that at least one enemy air squadron must inevitably break through any defences that could be put up; and one squadron would drop many tons of bombs, exploding poison-gas so virulent that any living thing within a very wide radius drawing a single breath would have the delicate tissues of the lungs destroyed.

Hundreds and thousands of men, women and children will be choking themselves to an agonising death if ever war breaks out again and an air-raid takes place in real earnest.

Moreover, however effective the weapons of destruction are to-day, they will be many more times as effective next year, and more so the year after. It will soon be possible to wipe out whole cities in a few hours.

Now, it is no use dismissing these facts as merely alarmist statements and remarking complacently that it will never happen. Plenty of complacent people in 1914 remarked "that it would never happen." But it did.

And, just as in 1914, every civilised Government is arming again now, but with this difference—they all picked up a lot of useful hints about the best methods of wholesale killing between 1914 and 1919.

Save your life!

The man or woman who can dismiss all this airily as merely alarmist is really a bit of a rabbit! If people go piling up great heaps of gunpowder, it only wants some fool to drop a match.

There are various ways in which people who have enough imagination and vision to realise the danger can do their bit to prevent it.

They can take an intelligent critical interest in foreign affairs and foreign policy, and at the coming General Election vote for the Party that seems the most likely to pursue a safe, resolute course in the direction of world peace.

But there are a very considerable number of people who are going about it in a more direct manner. After all, it is a direct personal business—this giving up one's life before it has run its normal span.

And there is a very direct personal feeling growing among men of military age, that they do not mean again to be sacrificed by hundreds of thousands in great pushes and magnificent retreats, about which, a few years later, politicians and generals publish interesting diaries and film companies produce most profitable films.

In his notice of one such film, a distinguished critic recently wrote in a London daily that it was "a noble film" since it showed the death of two hundred thousand young men "without any of the brutality of war."

Young men in every country are pledging themselves to refuse to fight in the next war. That is the direct method. And the figures in connection with it are remarkable. There are forty-four organisations in twenty-one different countries supporting and furthering the movement.

"*War is a crime against humanity. We, therefore, are determined not to support any kind of war and to strive for the removal of all the causes of war.*" *Half a million people have signed that pledge.* Over two hundred thousand of those are in Germany, nearly one hundred and fifty thousand in Great Britain.

In addition, such huge movements as the International Trade Union, the Miners International Federation, the International Textile Workers, the British Labour Party, the German General Trades Union, and others have all pledged themselves to war resistance; *and the membership of these groups runs into many millions.*

Wasted millions

It is not a pledge that has been lightly made. In countries where conscription is in force, it needs a great deal of courage to take such a pledge and remain true to it. Hundreds of young men are in the prisons of Europe to-day for remaining true to it.

The fact is that war between civilised nations to-day is an unnecessary relic of our barbarian past. It is utterly *childish*. If children quarrel, and come to blows, it is forgivable.

But if grown-up cultured men do so, it is not. It is a disgusting sight. Modern war between grown-up nations is a disgusting, indecent, immoral thing. Politicians, diplomats, generals and bishops may not yet realise this, but quite a number of ordinary people do.

I do not want here to stress the financial cost of war. It is the cost in human lives, in human values, in misery and suffering that has given rise to this war-resisting movement.

But the financial cost is inextricably mixed up with the human cost. If anyone should doubt this, let him consider for a moment the following figures: We, in this country, are paying hundreds of millions of pounds a year annually as interest on money that we spent in the war. Out of every £1 collected in taxes, 15s. goes to pay for past wars or to prepare for future ones!

We are now spending 116 million pounds a year on our Fighting Services. This is millions of pounds more a year than we spent before "the war to end war" was fought, in which we defeated and disarmed our late enemies, who were, we were assured over and over again during the war, the only disturbers of peace in the world.

Wonderful era

If anything like these sums could be spent on the social services, could be spent creatively instead of destructively, the world would be an incredibly happier, safer, finer place to live in, in a few weeks—which brings me to the positive aspects of war resistance.

The mere refusal to do something is negative. A negative creed can be an uninspiring creed. But those who have their minds sufficiently alert and their eyes sufficiently open to make an independent effort of their own have also sufficient imagination to realise that they are living in a most vital and critical period of history.

The very science that has made aeroplanes, explosives and poison-gas has given us powers for creating a fine civilisation which are absolutely new in the world.

There is no analogy between this period and any other period in history. We have a thousand times more knowledge and more power than has ever before been at the disposal of mankind.

It is a sober fact that with our new knowledge of the control of populations, with our machines

Mr. Miles Malleson, the famous author and dramatist

for mass-production of necessities, with our transport facilities, our ability to flash news round the world in a few seconds, and so on, there is no longer any real reason (except that enough people do not realise it) why there should be any material want, any poverty in the world at all.

Lazy-minded dreamers

And as this time approaches, it will, in itself, have a tremendous effect towards the prevention of war.

In a recent essay, a great thinker, Bertrand Russell, wrote that there was deep in every man an instinctive desire for adventure, and, as Russell went on to explain, it was for that reason that a vast number of people in every country welcomed the outbreak of war in 1914. It gave expression to that instinctive spirit of adventure which is to-day starved among so many of the world's workers.

But there is no longer any reason why they should be so starved. There is no longer any reason why life should be, for so many, a dull, meagre, monotonous, ugly thing. There is no reason why every child born should not be into a life of health and activity and interest.

It is no good proclaiming, as many lazy-minded, conventionally minded people would proclaim, that that is a dream—an idealist's dream. It is the lazy-minded ones who are asleep; and their sleep is undisturbed apparently even by dreams! Let them wake up!

Let them realise they are living in times of tremendous changes; that the face of our world has changed utterly in the last hundred years, and is changing more rapidly every year; that our civilisation, like any high-powered motor-car, is rushing along at a break-neck pace; that we have now the power to direct its course; but if we stay asleep it will merely rush along to destruction.

The dreams of yesterday are the critical realities of to-day. It may be a nightmare that aeroplanes may fly over London, dropping a choking death upon its millions helpless below, but it is a nightmare that may happen to-morrow.

It may be a dream that mankind can achieve a world set free from the monstrous burden of war, a world that will welcome every child that is born into it with the offer of all the beauty and adventure, and the fullness that life has to give, but it is a dream that will come true as soon as enough people realise it.

To help to spread that realisation is the positive side of the creed of the war-resisters.

To "John Bull" Readers.

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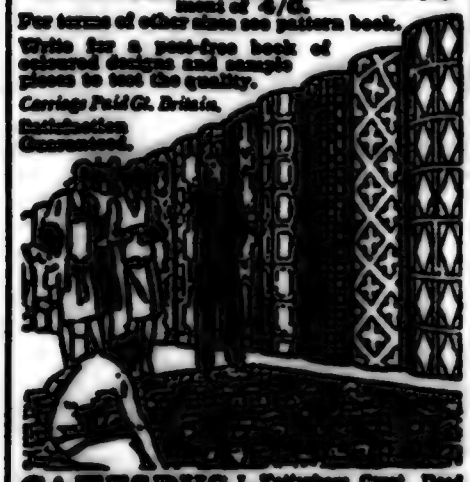

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ROSES, LOVELY ROSES WHY PAY MORE?

BUSH ROSES

Crimson Rambler, Dorothy, Golden Ophelia, K. Dickson, Tausendschön, Climbing Caroline Testout, Climbing Mme. Abel Chatenay, Climbing Richmond, Climbing Lady Hillingdon, Climbing Una Wilson, Climbing Mme. Edouard Herriot, Climbing Ophelia, Climbing Shot Silk, Climbing Mme. Butterfly, Climbing Mme. Caroline Testout, Climbing Old Gold, Climbing Lemon Pillar, Climbing Mme. Alfred Carrière, Climbing Hugh Dickson, Climbing Sunburst, Climbing Mme. Edouard Herriot, Climbing Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Climbing Emma Wright, Climbing Mme. Abel Chatenay

Candid Communications

to People who Deserve Them

His Royal Highness The DUKE OF YORK, Piccadilly, W.

Your Royal Highness,—Remembering your enthusiasm for the provision of playing-fields, some boys who had been prohibited from playing in a park owing to the damaged turf conceived the idea of appealing personally to you. They had heard of your enthusiastic support of the playing-fields movement, and felt they could safely approach you, without fear of being turned empty away. You interviewed the writer, and by your powerful influence expedited the reconditioning work, in addition to which you presented the youngsters with a number of tennis-balls. Such conduct proves you to be as royal of heart as you are by birth. John Bull.

The Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, Minister of Health.

Dear Sir,—Owing to your refusal to authorise the expenditure by the Southwark Board of Guardians of £98,000 on the reconstruction of the Newington Institution, it is feared that many sick people this winter will have to be accommodated on the floor. I condemn your attitude, not only on this account, but also on the grounds that the scheme would do much to relieve local unemployment, and thus lessen the hazard of sickness. Think again. John Bull.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. H. HENSLEY HENSON, Lord Bishop of Durham.

My Lord Bishop,—I agree that the nation, as a whole, does not realise the extreme gravity of the situation in the mining districts, and that there is urgent need for prompt and drastic measures if hardship is not to develop into actual starvation. Were the true facts known, I am convinced that the righteous indignation of the great-hearted public would goad even our present supine Government into action. Hence you are doing a national service by trying to open the eyes of the people. John Bull.

Councillor D. J. VAUGHAN, Monmouthshire County Council.

Dear Sir,—You calculate that by the employment of direct labour your council has already saved £4,836 of ratepayers' money, in addition to building hostels for the men, purchasing plant, and expending almost an equal sum for broken time owing to wet weather. With such a striking object-lesson before them, other municipalities would do well to substitute your method in place of the wasteful "contracting" custom. Those who pay the piper must call the tune. John Bull.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE, Helston, Cornwall.

Gentlemen,—A lad of fourteen, who, five days after the commencement of his last term, had an offer of ten shillings weekly to work for a local firm, could not accept because he could not obtain an exemption certificate. As he was one of seven fatherless children and his mother had had the widow's pension withdrawn in respect of him, the matter seemed tragic. But even more tragic is the state of affairs which makes a mother's bread dependent on her child being half-educated. You, as educationists, must see that the real remedy for this is family endowment, and a system that allows men and women to earn their bread while their children keep at school. John Bull.

Mr. T. DAVIES, Chief Constable, Portsmouth.

Dear Sir,—In your endeavour to prove that women cannot make efficient police officers, you quote the case of one who eloped with a valued assistant, who chanced to be a married man. Your logic does not impress me. As well argue that because a lady typist occasionally falls in love with her employer no girl should be permitted to work in an office, or because one chief constable talks rubbish we should dispense with them all. John Bull.

Mr. DANIEL LLEUFER THOMAS, M.A., Stipendiary Magistrate, Porth Police Court.

Dear Sir,—There is a homely human note in your judicial proceedings that goes further to reduce crime than "the utmost rigour of the law." You temper justice with mercy and set the key to which the whole court is tuned. The clerk is kindly and the superintendent more like a big brother to erring delinquents than a prosecutor. It is all explained by your own explanation that when you must punish you do it because you want to make a better man of the defaulter. I have it on good authority that you are succeeding, too. John Bull.

The Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Winston,—Your liking for a joke is becoming beyond one. Nobody except the more serious-minded and unimaginative members of the Bricklayers' Union, for instance, objects to you joining that august body; while the sight of you handling a trowel and mortar-board must, in itself, have been a sight for the gods.

But why not keep to jokes that don't stick in the public gullet? Your repeated promises to the public that a tremendous relief from taxation will be experienced from the Government rating proposals, a relief to be embodied in your next Budget, are turning out more brittle than pie-crust.

For instance, breweries, by these new ratings, will get £400,000 of our money. They will not

employ more people; they will merely get more dividends to distribute.

The new valuations are creating consternation, a feeling that is likely to hit someone pretty hard presently. The total loss to local authorities in England and Wales is in the neighbourhood of £38,000,000. London alone will lose £1,000,000 a year.

If this is relief, we prefer the old oppression. What about going in for a still more novel form of headgear—say, a really hard-thinking cap, for a change? John Bull.

To Master ALBERT SMITH, Queen Street, Newark.

Dear Albert,—Attracted by the screams of a child, you rushed on to Mill Bridge and saw, in the moonlight, the affrighted faces of a woman and a little girl in the water. Whilst others were saving the former with boat-hooks, you dived to the rescue of the bairn, who revived after artificial respiration had been applied. For a fifteen-year-old boy, this was a fine and gallant action, and I would feel honoured to shake you by the hand. John Bull.

Mr. GEORGE WALWORTH, Agricultural Organiser, Co-operative Union

Dear Sir,—With a subscribed capital of £6,120,210, four dairy produce companies showed a yearly profit of £520,000. A meat-retailing firm made £927,956 on a capital of £15,000,000, and six companies trading in condensed milk, capitalised at £19,602,838, were £2,690,095 to the good. No wonder farming is a languishing industry whilst it is hemmed in by such ramping rings as these. Agriculturists would certainly be wise to consider seriously your suggestion for evolving a co-operative system of marketing. John Bull.

His Honour JUDGE CANN, Judge of County Courts, Sussex Circuit.

Your Honour,—Three years ago, Sidney Miles lost an eye, for which he was awarded compensation to the extent of 8s. 11d. per week. Later he was again employed by the same firm, but was eventually discharged "on account of slackness of work." When the employers appealed on the grounds that he was a hale and whole man, you agreed, though medical evidence was contradictory, and fixed a suspensory award of 1d. a week. Moreover, you ordered him to pay his own costs. It is sheer idiocy to consider a man with one eye as good as a man with two, and to penalise Miles with costs was justice gone mad. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Viscount Cecil.—"There is no more enthusiastic friend of the League of Nations than the present Foreign Secretary."

Then God help the League!

* * *

Mr. Baldwin.—"Unless propaganda comes from a pure heart it is a boomerang."

And unless it is followed by action it is a damp squib.

* * *

Mr. Amery.—"In the Liberal programme the things that are true are not new and the things that are new are not true."

It's much easier to provoke a laugh than produce an argument, isn't it?

* * *

Bishop of Durham.—"It is heartbreaking to see crowds of young men in idleness that is repugnant and unavoidable."

Why 'unavoidable'? It's folk like you who are heartbreaking.

* * *

Mr. Clynes.—"What supreme and outstanding national interests ever can there be that we must purchase it at the cost of the blood of millions of men?"

None.

* * *

Miss Isobel MacDonald.—"The women of this country are going to take a great interest in the policy of the Labour Party."

And in the policy of every other Party or they're bigger fools than we take them for.

* * *

Lord Mayor of Norwich.—"Municipalities are more important than Parliaments."

Which makes it important to elect a Parliament intelligent enough to grant wider powers to municipalities.

Player's Please

Not only because of the glascine wrapping which prevents the handling of the cigarettes before they reach the smoker or of the foil which preserves the cigarettes in first class condition—

but mainly because of the Quality of the Pure Virginia Tobacco

"It's the (Pure Virginia) *Tobacco that Counts"*

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

AT GRIPS WITH A GREAT WRONG

THERE can be no more encouraging thing in recent years than the "National Conference to consider the Welfare of Youth" recently held at Croydon.

This was no old-fashioned gathering of well-meaning philanthropic ladies and gentlemen met to patronise the ignorant and poor. It was a meeting together of experienced and thinking men and women who all have sense to see that how the country's children are treated now must determine the kind of country Great Britain is to be in years far ahead of now.

And it was more than that. It was a public hauling down of any tattered remnants of class-war flags that may still be flying.

It would be churlish not to recognise the Duke of York as chief inspiration of this splendidly hopeful spirit. Year by year, in his own holiday camp at New Romney, the Duke of York gathers together youth of all classes, and himself makes personal contacts with the lads. He sees, and talks with, youth in its adolescence, its most difficult and critical period.

Two hundred boys of the favoured classes eat, sleep and play with two hundred hard-working boys from the factories. He finds very little difference in their mental make-up. All are interested in the same things and all behave as well as it is possible to expect from care-free, healthy lads out for larks and holiday.

THESE boys, the Duke declares, judge their fellows neither by social nor economic standards. They subject all alike to the test of the keen straight-edge of character.

This is worth remembering. It proves that young Britain, whether it hails from mansion or mean street, is sound in judgment and right at the core.

"There is nothing that youth will realise quicker than the difference between a man whose aims are purely selfish and a man who puts himself last." That is something that everyone in charge of young-Britain-in-the-making will do well to memorise, for are not the worst human failures who trail their miseries through our police-courts mostly those who at some time or other have had their faith in goodness destroyed?

"Nobody can lead," the Duke reminded his audience, "unless he has the gift of vision and the desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them." Never was true leadership better defined.

The idealist may always be striving for something just out of reach, but he is looking ahead, trying to bring about something just a little finer, a little brighter than the pessimist sees. He is refusing to allow the eyes of his country to seal themselves in sleep.

THE vision he persistently displays will one day be realised. And the vision that inspired men and women are seeing for Britain's youth need not be unattainable. In its foreground are happy, healthy youngsters playing in green fields.

The National Playing Fields Association stands prepared. It only needs sufficient support to bring the dream to fulfilment.

The glowing picture includes better education in healthy, spacious schools. It shows protection from degrading influences, blind-alley occupations and the deadly blight of unemployment.

The Big Brother movement that does so much for lads working in the overseas dominions is to have its counterpart at home. That is good news. For when the Big Brother, with his educational opportunities, gets to work, he will come to grips with the economic lion of selfishness that blocks the road to the needed reforms.

If he really wants to help the "Little Brother" he will get mad, and the madder he gets the sooner we may expect the block to be removed.

"Take care of the young and the country will take care of itself." It is a good slogan.

TEN YEARS AFTER!

(Next Sunday is the tenth anniversary of Armistice Day)

Who'll Back the Duke?

H.R.H. The Duke of York

STRAIGHT *Hitting*

WOMEN have a direct way in politics. It is apt to be disconcerting to statesmen who like leisurely, roundabout methods.

It disconcerted the Minister of Health when he was carefully explaining to a Westminster conference the steps he was taking to "enquire" into the causes of death in childbed.

"Why have you cut down milk supplies to maternity and child welfare centres?" interrupted the woman. Mr. Chamberlain, still circumlocutory, replied with reference to "authorities," "central funds," "standards" and "national resources."

The women, still direct, retorted with shouts of "Shame!" and "Wicked!"

They passed a strong resolution, pledging themselves to arouse public opinion on the whole subject of milk, maternity, and mothers.

This is the direct method in politics. JOHN BULL, who misses no opportunity to enforce the value of pure milk for children, ranges himself unhesitatingly alongside the women.

The Human Machine

TONICS

THINGS that are good for you are not always nice! A tonic nearly always does you good—but it often tastes nasty!

The medicine of life is not unlike that the doctor gives you; it often makes you pull a long face, but it is meant to do you good, and it does—if you "stick it."

Experiences that really teach are rarely pleasant. It is the hard side of life that has its lessons for us.

That is the real meaning of the old proverb, "Once bitten, twice shy." People are only twice shy if they have got the lessons of the first bite well into their heads!

Experience is a dear school, but it is the only one in which lessons are taught that get us anywhere; but in this school, as in any other, progress depends on our willingness to be taught.

Life can teach only so far as we are willing to learn.

WHAT I THINK of MR. BALDWIN

Good Fellow—but Weak

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

THE King has opened Parliament and the last lap of the race to the polls has begun. It has opened inauspiciously for the Government. Mr. Baldwin's man scraped home at Tavistock, but he barked his knees so badly that he is not likely to do it again.

At Ashton-under-Lyne the Government candidate was knocked out by two to one—a result which gives Mr. Baldwin a pretty clear indication of what will happen in the industrial constituencies.

The omens, in fact, are bad for the Government. I do not venture to predict that it will not win; but if there were a united opposition it would not merely not win; it would be routed.

This is not because Mr. Baldwin is personally unpopular. On the contrary, he is by far the best asset the Government has. He is one of the most likeable figures who ever played a part in politics.

If his statesmanship were equal to his character I should be content to see him Prime Minister of this country to the end of the chapter.

Floundering policy

But his gifts are of the platform and not of Parliament. No one preaches so good a sermon, so homely, sensible and stimulating. But when it comes to action he is at sea. He cannot control his team.

While he says one thing, it is doing another, and he is left like a bewildered centre-forward who does not control the game and never gets the ball passed to him.

And the result is a floundering and incoherent policy, which at the end of four years leaves the country with all its problems still unsolved, taxation still monstrously swollen, unemployment higher than ever, the basic industries unrelieved, agriculture in desperate straits, one half of the Government wanting Protection, the other half fearing Protection.

I will take one example of this failure to make the action of his Government conform to his own fine sympathies and purposes. I refer to that humiliating, catastrophic blunder of the Anglo-French naval pact.

Heading for war

In common with multitudes of my readers, I listened on the wireless to Mr. Baldwin's speech the other evening at the League of Nations meeting. A better, a wiser, a more enlightened speech I do not wish to hear. It breathed the finest spirit of conciliation. It showed that war is the common enemy of mankind which can only be eradicated by a common effort.

I liked especially his courageous reminder that it makes inhuman monsters of us all in spite of ourselves. We were horrified, he said, at the first German gas-attack, and in a few weeks we were praying for a west wind to carry our own deadly fumes into the enemy lines.

And his thesis was that we must see war as the enemy and not nations, and that to destroy that enemy we must not seek alliances, but mobilise humanity against it.

It was all excellent, inspiring, true. But as he was speaking I could not help thinking of the tragic blunder into which his Government had floundered with a naval pact which cut at the very heart of the League of Nations, tied us up again to France, antagonised America, Germany and Italy, and made straight for that old deadly "balance of power" which means war and nothing but war.

Was Mr. Baldwin aware, as he spoke at the Albert Hall, that he was passing a devastating judgment upon the actions of his own Government? I do not know, but Parliament will want to know this week, and the country will want to know before it goes to the poll.

Disastrous move

I lay emphasis on this matter because it is the key to everything else. If we go right here, everything will fall into place in due course. If we go wrong here, it does not matter what else is right, for a race in competitive armaments on sea and on land will follow as the night the day, and will land the world in another war.

And we have gone wrong, disastrously, incredibly wrong. It is no answer to say that the naval agreement is dead. The disquieting thing is that it should ever have been conceived. For, put on it any gloss you may, it implied a return to the pre-war alliance with France.

The French and English navies were to be complementary to each other. They were to be built as one unit of power capable of dominating the seas of the world.

In return for this "concession," we were to alter our whole policy in regard to disarmament on land, leaving France free to arm the whole nation without let or hindrance and hold the Continent under its military domination.

And this scheme was put forward while the ink of the signatures to the Kellogg treaty for the outlawry of war was still wet. Before Mr. Kellogg could well get back to America, the news of this amazing repudiation of the treaty had been flashed across the Atlantic.

We know what followed. America firmly rejected it, Italy was ablaze with alarm, Germany saw in it the surrender of England to the French dictatorship of Europe.

We want peace!

As to the feeling in this country, it has been brilliantly expressed by Mr. Garvin in the *Observer*, himself a loyal supporter of the Government, who pictures as the result a new "balance of power" in the world, with France and England on one side, and America, Germany and Italy on the other.

I am sure Mr. Baldwin does not want that. But the action of his Government has raised that terrific spectre for the future. If he wants to put himself right with the people of this country he must lay that spectre now—not merely in such words as he used at the Albert Hall, but in actions.

He must make it clear that the policy of this country is a British policy and not a French policy, that it hinges on Geneva and not on Paris, and that we have no more intention of making an exclusive alliance with France than we have with Germany or America.

We have been bear-led by Paris too long. If we want a peaceful solution of the world we must support the countries which stand for peace and for disarmament. And the greatest of these countries is America. If the British Empire and the United States stand together they can outlaw war and bring France to reason by the sheer weight of their material and moral authority.

It is the chief failure of Mr. Baldwin's Government that he has antagonised America in order to gratify France. He must reverse the engine of his policy if he hopes to win the next election, for, above all other things, this country wants peace and not war.

A TERRIBLE [illegible]

Sentime[illegible]

by HO[illegible]

THE report of the Lunacy Board of Control for the year 1927 tells us in no uncertain fashion that not only lunacy but mental defectiveness is greatly increasing.

Furthermore, Dr. R. G. Crowley, senior medical officer of the Board of Education, tells us that there are about half a million children between the ages of seven and fourteen who are retarded mentally, and that the proportion of such children is larger in rural than in urban districts.

Mr. Horace Newte

The Board of Control informs us that during the last six years the number of defectives of whom the authorities have obtained knowledge have increased from 25,470 to 61,522. Also, that during each of the last three years the local authorities have notified severally 2,176, 2,353 and 2,556 defectives. These figures show a steady increase.

A further disturbing fact is that there are at least 20,000 mental defectives in this country for whom institutional care is not available.

And the report goes on to say that since the marriage of defectives has disastrous consequences to the community, definite legislative steps should be taken to prevent the marriages of those under order.

I lived for some years in an Essex village, some thirty miles from London. Two "softies," the local name for degenerates, worked at a farm because their labour was cheap.

THE elder had, of course, married a "softy," and five degenerate children were born of this marriage. These children were wanting mentally. The elder girl, aged fifteen, was keeping company with a "softy" of sixteen, and shortly after it was necessary for them to marry.

A cowman on the same farm was a "softy" with unspeakable habits. He had married the same sort of wife, and their children were puny and subject to frequent fits.

Not a mile away lived a man with three grown-up daughters, who were mentally afflicted. This man would wash and feed his daughters before he went to his work as cook and carver in an hotel. He left them in bed until his return in the evening, and then gave them food and a very necessary bath.

In the village were two hard-working dress-

A WICKED WAR LOAN WANGLE

A Charge—and a Verdict

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

MY readers will hardly need reminding of the great war stock ramp whereby the industrial assurance companies induced some two and a half millions of people to take out policies in the belief that they were buying war stock, whereas in fact they were simply entering into ordinary industrial assurance contracts.

They may perhaps need reminding of the question put to Mr. (now Sir) Joseph Burn, of the Prudential Assurance Company, at the Board of Trade enquiry into industrial assurance some years ago. The question put was as follows:

"A so-called war loan policy was produced before us which, on the face of it, did not appear to be an insurance policy contract at all. What really has been done as regards these war loan policies? Are these policies?"

"Oh, yes."

"They are the ordinary industrial assurance policies?"

"Absolutely. They are both ordinary and industrial."

Now in one form or another premiums amounting to nearly £30,000,000 were paid on policies of this class. I have stated repeatedly that, deducting what policy-holders have received in return, a net profit was left to the office of about £20,000,000—profits gained by false pretences.

I have been severely attacked for making these statements. I wonder what my attackers will have to say about the story I am now going to relate. It is a story that tells itself.

Grossly deceived

In April of this year Mr. J. T. Wolstenholme on our advice made a declaration to Sir George Stuart Robertson in the following terms:

"DEAR SIR,—In the month of December, 1919, two representatives of the Prudential Assurance Company called upon me and informed me that the company were making a special offer and that they would, by the payment of £2 per month, issue to me war stock in such a profitable manner as had never been offered before to the public by the company.

"I was led to believe that by the payment of £2 per month for a period of eight years I would at the expiration of ten years be entitled to the return of the whole of the moneys paid, together with interest which had accrued thereon, and it would total approximately £300.

"I have duly paid the monthly contributions until the present time, amounting in all to £216, and I have now discovered that I have been grossly deceived about the nature of the transaction, and I appeal to you, under the Industrial Assurance Act of 1923, to make an award in my favour for the return of the moneys paid, together with the interest which has accrued thereon, and in accordance with the regulations of that Act I enclose herewith the fee of £2 for the hearing of the dispute. Yours faithfully,

"J. T. WOLSTENHOLME."

Decisive award

Many letters passed backward and forward about this case, and eventually JOHN BULL wrote to Mr. Wolstenholme saying that "We have had a further communication from the Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., regarding your case, and they are asking whether we are now prepared to accept on your behalf the £200 which has been offered to you."

Mr. Wolstenholme replied: "My answer to the Prudential offer is an emphatic No. I only entered on this dispute because I knew that the representatives of the Prudential had grossly deceived me, and in short obtained my signature through misrepresentation.

"I am anxious to state my case in court, and if I lose on some technical point it will not alter the justice of my claim, and that is all I care about."

We thereupon placed the case before the Industrial Assurance Commissioner, and in due course it was heard in London. The Prudential Assurance Company lost. This is a copy of the Industrial Assurance Commissioner's award:

Sir Joseph Burn, K.B.E., General Manager of the Prudential Assurance Company, whom we call upon to return to holders the premiums they have paid, and interest, on war bond policies

"I award that the Prudential Assurance Company, Limited, do pay on or before the tenth day of November, 1928, the sum of two hundred and seventy pounds (£270), being the premiums paid by John Thomas Wolstenholme, of 3, The Parade, Margate, Two hundred and sixteen pounds (£216) on policy numbered 97524355, dated the twenty-ninth day of December, 1919, on his own life, together with the sum of Fifty-four pounds (£54) interest at the rate of five per centum per annum on the said premiums as hereinafter directed, that is to say:

"(1) To the Industrial Assurance Commissioner the sum of One pound (£1), being the balance of the fee payable on reference of the dispute to the Commissioner:

"(2) To the said John Thomas Wolstenholme the balance of Two hundred and sixty-nine pounds (£269).

"G. S. ROBERTSON,
"Industrial Assurance Commissioner.

"Dated this 28th day of September, 1928."

This award was duly carried out, and the Margate branch manager of the Prudential called on Mr. Wolstenholme on October 26, and handed him a cheque for £269.

That is a plain story without any trimmings and just one of what the Board of Trade Committee called "these so-called war loan policies."

Point of honour

There are thousands and thousands of people who have not been so fortunate as Mr. Wolstenholme, and merely because they have not been so fortunate they are without money which is rightfully theirs and which should never have been collected from them.

If Sir Joseph Burn has any regard for the honour of his company, can he do anything other, in face of an award like this, than return to the holders of "so-called war loan policies" the premiums they have paid and the interest on those premiums?

Here is a plain story, a direct charge and a verdict against the company charged.

It was a charge made and a verdict delivered in a court which is of the standing of an ordinary court of law. The decision of the Industrial Assurance Commissioner is final; from it there is no appeal.

M.P.s, What about it?

Had it been an ordinary law court, in which such a charge was brought and proved, justice would not have been satisfied by the mere return of the money. Someone would have been punished. Someone would even conceivably have gone to prison.

I do not consider that this is a question that should be allowed to rest where it is. At Westminster there is a body of men who are supposed to be there for the purpose of protecting the people of this country from injustice by the framing of wise laws.

What do they propose to do about it?

LLAGE CRIME

Poisoners

NEWTE

makers who supported a "softy" brother of twenty-eight, who could not do a thing for himself. These were but a fraction of the degenerates who lived in this one village of a thousand inhabitants. And there are too many similar villages in England.

To illustrate the grievous harm which a marriage between degenerates can do, there are the records of the famous (or infamous) Jukes. About 1780, a degenerate woman married a degenerate Jukes. They had a large family of criminals and prostitutes, and some of these married their kind.

This bad stock persisted and multiplied, and begot nothing other than mental or criminal or unmoral nuisances. It has been calculated that this Jukes stock has cost many millions to the United States of America.

IN 1926, the price we paid in hard cash for the support of mental degenerates was £1,005,000.

The London Education Committee's estimates for 1927–28 propose a new school for 100 physically defective children, a new school for about 150 elder mentally defective children, a new school for mentally and physically defective children living on the council's new and adjacent housing estates, and an adaptation of a disused school for elder children, physically defective and blind children.

Meantime, the fit and healthy are pitilessly taxed in order to feed and clothe this ever-growing army of the weak-minded. The consequence is that the fit and healthy are compelled to limit strictly their own healthy stock.

Remedies have been suggested to deal with this national cancer of degeneracy. A short and sensible way would be to put these degenerates painlessly out of existence. But we abhor short and sensible methods. They are repugnant to our national vice of sentimentality.

We have the shining example of the Zulus, who are perhaps the finest race physically in the world. They prevent the unfit from propagating their kind. And in California they have done the same thing.

BUT imagine the outcry from the political and social sentimentalists if anything of the same sort were suggested here! They would cry from the housetops that men were being shorn of their "natural rights." Civilisation protects itself, or should protect itself, if things were sanely ordered.

A man who injures another is rightly shut up in jail. But the degenerate who commits the far worse crime of poisoning the race by bringing defective children into the world is looked after by the State, and has the consolation of knowing that his children will also be coddled and cared for. We are truly an illogical race.

Light a Manikin —You'll scent *satisfaction* at the first whiff, and find sure content until you place the tiny end with reverent regret in the ash-tray.

Care vanishes with the fragrant smoke—Nerves are soothed by their delightful flavour —There's restful *satisfaction* in every puff.

Manikins are inexpensive too and well worth their modest cost. Try a packet now.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

FORGED CHEQUES: *A Warning*

Wheatley, the Wonder Worker

DURING recent times there has been a marked increase in this country of cheque frauds and forgery coups, and, in the aggregate, tremendous sums of money have been obtained by expert "penmen" and their associates.

So widely have such frauds been perpetrated that complaints have been lodged in almost every important town in the country, and the best brains at Scotland Yard have been specially concentrated upon the activities of one gang for some time.

An important arrest took place recently, when a plausible rogue named John Wheatley was laid by the heels, and the exclusive revelations we are able to make about this particular man will shed considerable light upon the grave evil to which we refer.

Wheatley was one of the most accomplished forgers, being a man of considerable education and polish.

Double disappearance

Only in September last he took apartments at a high-class establishment in Sunderland. He represented himself to be an engineer engaged upon very important business in the locality, and it was not long before he gained the complete confidence of all whom he encountered.

Then, one day, he was mysteriously missing, and his sudden disappearance coincided with the loss of a cheque-book containing several blank cheques.

Incidentally, the only thing that Mr. Wheatley left behind him was an unpaid bill.

Meanwhile, the missing engineer did not linger in the neighbourhood of Sunderland. Before very long he cropped up again three hundred miles away, and, telling a similar story, obtained apartments at a Kentish boarding establishment.

After a brief stay there, he forged one of his stolen cheques in the name of Holloway, tendered it in "settlement" of his bill, actually received a certain amount of cash in change, and disappeared again.

In one name or another Wheatley perpetrated frauds of this kind in all parts of the country and warrants were issued against him in many cities before he was eventually brought to book.

Adventurous career

Wheatley's career has been one long record of adventure.

Born in Bradford, forty-eight years ago, he was given an excellent education at Halifax Grammar School; but he had no sooner been given a start in life than he robbed his first employer and was bound over at Leeds.

He did not profit by this leniency, for he fell into the hands of the police again and again, and finally found it expedient to cross to America.

There he did not turn over a new leaf, but committed one fraud after another, with the result that he had to bid a sudden farewell to his new country and work his passage home on a cattle-ship.

He no sooner returned to this country than he was prosecuted for further frauds and sent to jail.

Still he showed no sign of reforming, for within three days of his release from prison he fell into the hands of the police once more.

On this occasion he obtained goods from various firms by means of cheques which were dishonoured,

The Rt. Hon. Montagu C. Norman, D.S.O., Governor of the Bank of England, who is doing everything in his power to suppress this evil

and which, upon investigation, were found to have come from books that had been stolen by him with his usual dexterity.

Judge's opinion

In sentencing him at Maidstone Assizes for his recent cheque frauds, the judge observed that his record, which included several periods of imprisonment, was "the worst of its kind" that had come before him, and that he was a menace to society.

Although Wheatley will be under lock and key for the better part of two years, his arrest will not greatly diminish the frauds to which we have referred above.

The truth is that he is only one of scores of dexterous forgers, and until a concerted effort is made to round up some of the other exponents of this art, his arrest merely means the lessening of the "competition" so that those who are still free will enjoy greater prospects of success in the absence of so formidable a rival.

* * *

READER'S TRAGIC DEATH
"John Bull" pays £250 Insurance Benefit——See page 2

For complaints are being lodged almost daily by people who have either lost their cheque-books or been victimised by means of a forged cheque, and it would be no exaggeration to state that hundreds of warrants are in existence for the arrest of the various offenders concerned.

Mostly cheque-books are obtained in the manner in which Wheatley excelled, and in nearly every case where a complaint has been lodged the police have found that carelessness on the part of the owner in leaving his or her cheque-book too readily accessible has been greatly in the forger's favour.

For instance, recently, a titled gentleman lodged a complaint at Scotland Yard about a servant who had been in his employ only a few days.

Dearly paid for

Although he did not suspect it, the servant in question was a much-convicted cheque thief, who, imposing upon his employer by means of faked references, had simply lifted the latter's cheque-book from his bureau at the first opportunity.

This three-day coup was speedily crowned, for although the titled gentleman lost no time in going to the police he was not in time to prevent his vanished butler from cashing several of the stolen cheques.

In another case, selected at random, a West End florist foolishly left his cheque-book lying on his desk while absent from his shop for the space of a few minutes.

He, too, reported his loss immediately, but the thief contrived to cash cheques to the value of several hundred pounds and has never been apprehended.

The florist has thus paid very dearly for the knowledge that cheque-books should always be kept under lock and key.

We fear that little can be done by local police in cases of this sort, because most of the "experts" favour Wheatley's policy and pass their forged cheques many hundreds of miles distant from the spot on which they have been acquired.

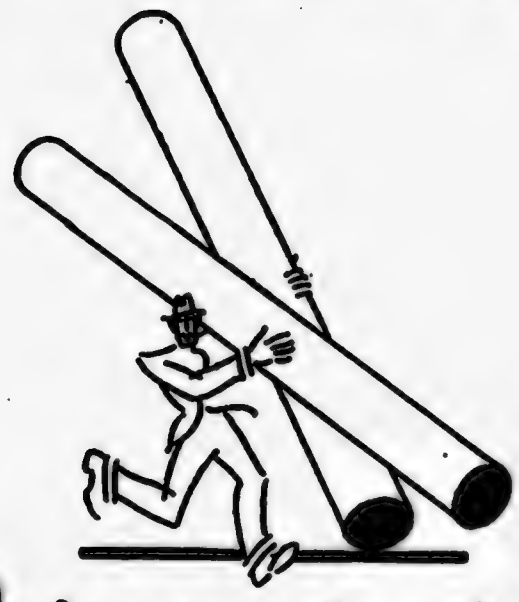
Useful suggestion

As matters now stand a man may pass a worthless cheque in Nottingham, say, and another in Glasgow, safe in the knowledge that each will only be officially seen by the local police in each city.

There is consequently no chance of a comparison being made, or even of an expert scrutiny.

But if all the bigger cheques that have been passed in this way were gathered in and subjected to expert scrutiny at Scotland Yard, comparisons of handwriting could be made with possibly useful results.

THE 'PLUS TWO' MAN GETS TWO MORE!



12 instead of 10
24 instead of 20

Every time you buy a sixpenny packet of 'Plus Two,' you get two additional cigarettes. Every time you buy a shilling packet you get an extra four.

If 'Plus Two' were not just as big and just as good as the ten-for-sixpenny cigarettes, there might not be so much in this.

But they *are*. The difference is that with them you get no triple wrappings, no pictures, no coupons, no fancy tips; and their huge sale, moreover, reduces manufacturing costs. That's how it's done!

GODFREY PHILLIPS'

'PLUS TWO'

CIGARETTES

12 for 6d

Twenty-four for one shilling

Full size, length weight & quality

ARE *YOU* A 'PLUS TWO' MAN?

Mr. EVERYMAN

'50 pay-way is good but what about references, Mr. Drage?'

Mr. Drage: Don't want any. Your wife is your best reference.
Mrs. Everyman: I'm his banker, too—so I ought to know, Mr. Drage.
Mr. Drage: Well, a lady makes an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer. Now what can I do for you to-day?
Mr. Everyman: We've chosen just £60 worth of furniture, and we want 50 Pay Way terms.
Mr. Drage: That's easy. Divide the £60 by 50, that gives you 24/-. Pay 24/- now and you can have the furniture in 48 hours.
Mr. Everyman: Then afterwards we pay 24/- monthly for 49 months.
Mr. Drage: Yes, that's our Fifty Pay-Way. How do you like it, Mrs. Everyman?
Mrs. Everyman: Very much, Mr. Drage. Only some months I mean to pay more.
Mr. Drage: That will be most welcome, of course, but not unless it is quite convenient for you. Now, here's your Drage Protection in case you are ill or unemployed.
Mr. Everyman: Ah, that gives me the right to keep what I've paid for in case I can't go on paying.
Mr. Drage: Yes, less an agreed reasonable deduction for use and cartage. And your Free Fire and Life Insurance Policy will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company and sent you at once.
Mr. Everyman: Well, we've enjoyed our chat with you, Mr. Drage. It is nice to meet the head of the firm and settle everything personally.

THE NEW DRAGE BOOK

☆—the greatest book on Furnishing ever written

COUPON J.B. 10.11

Please send me free and post free the New Drage Book, and all particulars of your 50 pay-way "No Deposit" System for approved accounts.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

CUT OUT AND POST IN UNSEALED ½d. STAMPED ENVELOPE TO DRAGE LIMITED, 220, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Open from 9 to 6.30 (INCLUDING SATURDAYS). Close Thursdays at 1

DRAGE LTD., 220, HIGH HOLBORN

Every day a flying start in your career

YOU SHOULD INSIST ON A HOT BREAKFAST!

In the four short hours between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. three-quarters of the world's important work is done. Are you doing yours with that brisk efficiency which leads infallibly to success? Or do your mornings listlessly drag, to the peril of your whole future career?

In a very real sense the difference depends upon your breakfast. It must be the right warming energizing flavoury breakfast—Quaker Oats.

Doctors agree that Quaker is the best-balanced breakfast you can have, rich in protein, carbohydrates, mineral salts, vitamins. Quaker settles you into your stride from the word 'Go.' It gives you all-morning energy.

Don't you be put off. There's no excuse for your not having Quaker. It's wonderfully economical. And *Quick* Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes.

Your grocer has two kinds—the Original you have always known and *Quick* Quaker. *Quick* Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes—quicker than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest. Two sizes, 4½d. and 9½d. per packet, *except in the Irish Free State.*

An Empire Product made in Canada

AMAZING FRAUD ON WOMEN

Quick-Fire Courtship King

QUITE recently a chance acquaintanceship was made between two people in a West End café which was destined to have a dramatic sequel.

One was a distinguished-looking gentleman of military bearing, who gave the name of Major H. P. Verity, the other was a young lady who was soon swept off her feet by her companion's engaging manner and sparkling conversation.

The major, who informed her that he had just arrived home on leave from India, embarked upon a quick-fire courtship, and told the lady quite frankly that he hoped to take a wife back with him to India to assuage his lonely exile.

He had not much foreign service ahead of him, he was thankful to say, and it would not be many years before he would come back to settle in England in command of a garrison.

Hectic gaiety

In due course he told her that as the banns were to be arranged for their wedding, it would be necessary for them to reside in the same parish for a few weeks.

He therefore prevailed upon her to go and live with him at an hotel near Hyde Park, and the girl, much impressed by his lavish mode of living and charm of manner, felt that she had been fortunate indeed in selecting such a dashing man of the world as her future life partner.

For five days they lived a life of hectic gaiety, and the girl saw no reason to doubt the sincerity of the major's attentions.

And when he explained to her in confidence that he had run himself a little short of cash and would not be able to draw further upon his bank until his monthly allowance fell due, she unsuspectingly advanced him various sums until her slender savings were also beginning to be depleted.

Then, on the day fixed for their wedding, the major borrowed a further £10 and rushed out of the hotel, intimating that there were certain formalities in connection with the approaching ceremony that must be attended to without delay.

Galloping major

The trusting bride-to-be waited in vain, but the gallant major from India did not return.

Presently, in his absence, she found herself presented by the management with their joint bill, which, to her consternation, totalled more than £32.

It was quite beyond her resources to meet such a bill, but she assured the management that she was expecting the major to return at any moment.

When some time had passed, however, a police officer appeared on the scene and, explaining that he would like a few words with Major Verity, learned of her predicament.

She was shocked to learn that Major Verity was a rogue who had not come from India at all, but who had perpetrated a number of frauds in various parts of the country.

As he was known to have been implicated with another woman in a daring fraud, in the course of which valuable furs had been obtained from a West End firm, the officer requested the lady to accompany him to Vine Street Police Station.

Divisional Detective-Inspector Bradley, in one of whose areas this impostor has recently operated

She readily agreed and, at the station, made a voluntary statement, which, although showing that she herself had been implicated unwittingly in one of the major's fraudulent transactions, showed also that she had been grievously imposed upon and robbed of all her savings.

Major Verity, we have discovered, is an individual who was recently concerned with a gang of thieves operating in the provinces.

Amongst other coups this gang was responsible for a series of robberies in Lancashire, as a result of which two members, a man and a woman, were arrested while temporarily in hiding in London.

Major Verity was a close friend of theirs, and the unscrupulous nature of his personal code is evidenced by the fact that, being privileged to visit them freely at their temporary London residence, he betrayed their trust in the most despicable manner.

One day, in their absence, he ransacked their quarters and went through all their belongings, most of which he well knew to be stolen.

Rotten record

The most valuable article in his haul consisted of a cheque-book drawn upon a Blackpool bank, containing nearly fifty blank cheques!

Since then he has contrived to pass large numbers of these twice-stolen cheques in London for varying amounts.

"Major H. P. Verity" is only one of many aliases which this man has used.

His real name is Harold Gerald Vincent, and he is well known to the police as a hardened scoundrel.

It is not surprising, too, to learn that during the war he was court-martialled for cowardice in the face of the enemy.

One of the most impudent of his recent exploits was when, to further his own nefarious ends, he had the audacity to describe himself as no other than Sir Borlace Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., the famous Assistant-Commissioner of Police!

Despite his widespread frauds, he is still at large, and now that we have divulged something of his methods we trust that the law will step in and cut short his career.

STRIKING THE BAD PATCH

FEW people altogether escape the bad patches of life. Usually they are dropped on unexpectedly. Just when all seems smooth going and the thought of trouble is furthest from the mind, the home-maker is brought up short and forced to slow down.

In the famous story of Queen Elizabeth and the mud puddle, it was a gallant gentleman, Sir Walter Raleigh, who whisked off his silken cloak and laid it over the bad patch for the Queen's dainty feet to step upon. It "helped her over."

JOHN BULL likes to act gallantly to readers when they strike the "bad patch," and that is why the paper runs its Free Insurance scheme.

The Free Insurance scheme does not wait for death to overtake registered readers. It helps them over the "bad patches" while they are yet alive.

Parson's tribute

"Your valuable cheque to hand to-day," writes the Rev. Richard H. Richards, B.A., B.D., of Moelfre, Llanarth Road, Pontllanfraith, who contracted typhoid, "and I must thank you for the very prompt way in which you dealt with my claim.

"I have been a reader of JOHN BULL for years, and look forward to it every week. Good, straightforward and clean, I wish it greater success still in laying bare all hypocrisies and shams, and still more power to champion the right."

Another victim of typhoid was Mr. Edward Byrne, of 7, Bennett Street, Mapperley, Nottingham, and his wife received the JOHN BULL cheque to help her over the "bad patch" while he was still in hospital.

It's so simple!

"It is, indeed, a godsend to us in our hour of need," she writes. "We never dreamed when we registered with JOHN BULL that we should have to call upon the Free Insurance in this way.

"It only goes to show that one never knows what is in store. Truly, when a time of misfortune like this does arrive it is splendid to receive real money help to tide one over the worst."

A sudden fall, with the result of a fractured arm, was the "bad patch" struck by Mrs. Redfern, of New Row, Messingham, Scunthorpe, and the cheque she received brought her prompt gratitude, which she thus expresses:

"It will be a great help to me to pay doctor's fees and will enable me also to have the massage he ordered, as my husband is only a farm labourer with a weekly wage of 30s."

Very little can be squeezed out of such pittances to cover the "bad patches" that are always liable to appear. That is why JOHN BULL offers such practical help.

There is very little that need be done to ensure it. If you are not already a registered reader place a regular order with your newsagent, and register *now*.

When you feel "Seedy"—

and have no appetite, Oxo is wonderfully stimulating and reviving, and is a welcome change from other food.

Oxo has a tonic effect on the digestive functions, and can be assimilated when you have no desire for other food.

OXO

It's Meat & Drink to you

Cadbury's *Chocolate Sandwiches*

6d EACH

5 KINDS

Truffle, Creme, Scotch Caramel, Nougat, Almond Toffee.

1,000 Men Told Us

What men wanted in shaving cream. Now, before you buy, try what we've made for you—for ten days.

GENTLEMEN:

Politicians know what to expect nationally when an election goes one way or another in a small constituency. And so, in merchandising, experience teaches that the opinion of 1,000 men reflects the average viewpoint of millions.

When we decided to create a shaving cream, we asked 1,000 men what they sought in shaving comfort and efficiency. Then we set out to meet their requirements.

They told us four things. We gave them five. Now we ask the courtesy of a test—based solely on merit—to prove *to yourself* the shaving delights we have discovered for you.

Just post the coupon for a 10-day test

With the four objectives we had set, we started our experiments. Time after time we got a fine shaving cream result, yet one or another of the things we sought was missing.

Finally, after the 129th experiment, success came. It was enthusiastically received by men everywhere. To-day it is outstandingly the fastest selling shaving cream on the market.

These 5 important factors

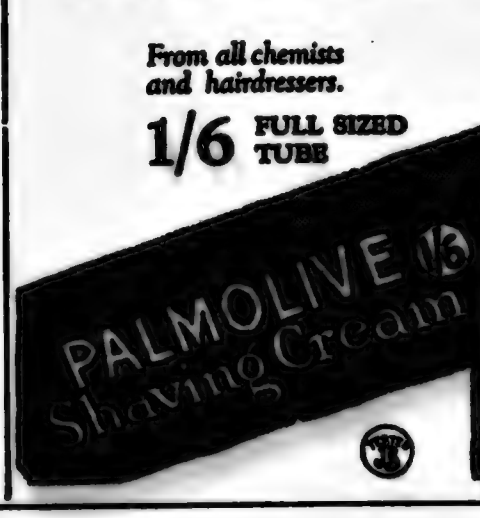
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now make the trial, please

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now.

From all chemists and hairdressers.

1/6 FULL SIZED TUBE



SAMPLE COUPON

Simply insert name and address and send with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing a trial tube to the Palmolive Company (of England) Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21, Eagle St., London, W.C.1.

Name.....

Address.....

Please print name clearly. J.B. 10-11-28

JOHN BULL

Drink it—

feel its comforting warmth tingle through your veins

Sip it—Drink it—Drain it—and feel all aglow!

STONE'S GINGER WINE

Famous Since 1740

From all Wine Merchants and Grocers

GET THIS 100-PAGE XMAS BOOK FREE!

5/6 P.P.

Handsome Nickelled Watch, accurately timed, dust-proof case, complete with strap, Lady's or Gent's size.

1,000 Startling money-saving Watch and Jewel bargains fill H. Samuel's 100-page FREE BOOK! Send postcard to the Factory now! Handsome Free Prizes. Any article C.O.D.

H. SAMUEL (Dept. 189), Market St., Manchester.

Don't say

"A packet of cigarette papers"

It's too long.

Say "A.C."

Then you're *quite sure* of getting the best.

A.C. CIGARETTE PAPERS

The *BEST* the world produces.

A SYMPHONY OF SORROW

Cards that Tell their Tale

AS Big Ben struck midnight, ushering in the tenth anniversary of Armistice Day, a chilly blast swept through the dark, stuffy room of a pawnbroker's, rousing the strange assortment of second-hand articles collected there.

"Don't be so fussy," said a watch lying next to an alarum-clock which was wheezing out twelve notes.

"And don't you try to be funny," rejoined the clock. "I'm worried to think how the family I belong to will ever wake up. It's important for my master to line up early at the employment exchange.

"He's got the missus in bed with the 'flu, and three nippers wanting a better chance of growing up."

"You forget it's Sunday," rolled out a wedding-ring, "and your master will have to keep in bed whilst his only shirt is washed.

"That bit of money your guv'nor got when he parted with you last night is going to be of more use to them in supplying a Sunday dinner than your infernal noise to rouse him to another day's misery. People only want to throw boots at clocks that wake them."

"Who's speaking of boots?" squeaked a disreputable pair protruding from a heap of footwear. "I wonder what my poor man's doing without me. We've tramped miles in London and the country to find a job. And his feet weren't half sore.

"This summer he got a job as a waiter at Bexhill. Then it came to an end. He couldn't pay his rent, so he, his wife and two kiddies were turned out. They started walking from Bexhill on Sunday and reached London Monday night. They pawned their clothes for food. The kiddies' boots, too."

"We could all tell a tale of the children we belong to going with bare feet because we had to be pawned," piped a row of little boots and shoes.

"My child's mother got 3s. 6d. for me," boasted a respectable pair. "That'll keep them from starving anyway."

"Yes, but they were jolly cold without me last night," came a muffled voice from a pile of blankets. "They got 5s. for me, and 2s. 6d. for my thinner brother. That paid their rent, but I guess they shivered properly all night. My missus has just had a baby too."

"I brought them in 2s. 6d.," said an old-fashioned counterpane. "That gave them milk."

"Well, I feel chilly and lonely enough," sobbed a sheet. "I'm separated from my twin. My people got 2s. 3d. for me. Said they could do with one sheet, but not without bread."

Righteous indignation

Then a pile of war medals started shouting. Their burst of indignation was something deafening.

"'The Great War for Civilisation,' I don't think! Is it civilisation that men who fought for their country should have to beg help from the Poor Law guardians, and often get insulted and told to take themselves, their wife and children off to the workhouse?"

Whereupon the bust of Wordsworth stooped and said: "The right of the State to require the services of its members even to the jeopardising of their lives, in the common defence, establishes a right in the people . . . to public support, when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves."

"Exactly," murmured a Victoria Cross; "but I know a number of ex-Service men who won't lift a finger to support themselves."

"There's something in that," said a less exalted medal. "But think of the large number of men rendered unfit for work through the war, who only get a small pension, or none.

"My man, for instance, was partially disabled with a gunshot wound. Practically ever since he has been discharged he has suffered with gastritis. He applied to the Ministry of Pensions and obtained treatment for a few months, but was then turned down because it said his malady was not caused or aggravated by war service.

Their people suffer

"For the sake of his wife and five children he carried on as best he could, until he collapsed in the street and was taken to hospital.

"He again appealed to the Ministry of Pensions, but he was told nothing could be done as it was over seven years since date of discharge. He has since been twice in hospital and is now awaiting another operation.

"He's terribly worried over his wife and children, as his pension of 16s. and ten shillings National Health Insurance can't maintain them. Their pawn-tickets already make a good-sized pack of cards."

A medley of working-men's tools, which were shouting about their masters' wrongs, quieted down when the King's image, which decorated the majority of the medals, spoke:

"You must not forget that the war was not lost. Your owners made a big sacrifice. This great day should remind the nation of their unpaid debt to the men who served. They must redeem them, as it were, from pawn. And thousands lost their lives. Death set them free from many evils. But their people suffer."

The silence that followed was broken by a portrait of Tennyson saying impressively:

"Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea?"

The Sentence of the Court

ROYALTY'S NEW RIVAL

The Mannikin Who Would Be King

IN his right hand Lord Rothermere grasped an umbrella as though it were a sceptre, and in his left a valuable museum piece (the one remaining copy of the *Daily Mail* hat) reposed like an orb of State.

Charged with contemplated desertion in his country's hour of need, his lordship announced, with regal dignity, "We are not guilty."

Sir Barnabas Blitherer, K.C., conducted the prosecution on behalf of fourteen interested organisations, ranging from the Bolshevists' Suppression League to the Society for the Asphyxiation of Flappers.

"Friends of the former Mister Harmsworth," said Sir Barnabas, "have for long feared that he would not remain content with a mere coronet, and this fear is confirmed by an announcement in the *Vossische Zeitung* that he is a candidate for the Hungarian throne.

"His lordship has lately been urging us to take off our hats to Hungary with an enthusiasm even more perfervid than that with which we were once urged to lift our lids to France, and when his son made a tour of Hungary he was received like a victorious prize-fighter.

Also, M. Eugen Rakosi, the chief Rothermere propagandist in Hungary, never ceases to harp upon the 'Royal Personality' and 'Princely Temper' of the former Mister Harmsworth.

"That his Royal Personality and Princely Temper would be invaluable to Hungary I have no doubt. But the land of his birth needs him more than the land of his adoption.

"England is now flooded with Bolshevist jewels, Communists are lurking behind every pillar-box, the entire population is threatened with disease through eating white bread, and the government of the country is about to be placed in the hands of a horde of half-witted flappers.

"In these circumstances, his desertion of England, when strong men are so badly needed, would amount to a criminal act."

* * *

BIRDS for WORDS!

Christmas is coming—"Bullets" Christmas Dinners are here a'ready! Fine Turkeys and plump Surrey Fowls await 300 entrants in the "Bullets" contest on page 43.

MR. STRAWBRIDGE-TER said that against every one of the evils mentioned by Sir Barnabas his lordship had eloquently protested. The granting of votes to flappers was the last straw calculated to break the royal camel's back.

"Is it any wonder," continued counsel, "that a gifted leader, thus disheartened, should toy with the idea of accepting a throne elsewhere? Just as Dick Whittington distinguished certain words in the refrain of the Bow Bells, so my client has heard the belles of Budapest urging, 'Turn again, Rothermere, Emperor of Hungary!'"

* * *

MR. JUSTICE BULL pointed out that the jury's verdict must depend upon its interpretation of the word "need." Ordinarily, any citizen could leave the country without let or hindrance. But if his country needed him, his desertion became the act of a traitor.

The jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," and Mr. Justice Bull announced that his majesty could leave both the dock and the country without a stain on his royal character, and would be granted special passport facilities.

IN THIS

USE THIS

Mrs. Crompton made a cake which was so delicious that the Dance Committee discussed the cake a long time before discussing the band and the claret cup. Mrs. Crompton did not part with the recipe, but she casually mentioned that she had used "Ideal" Milk. "That's half the secret," Mrs. Crompton said.

And if you wish to impart to your cakes, your scones and your soups—a touch of uncommon excellence follow this example and use "Ideal" Milk. "Ideal" Milk is rich country milk brought to the consistency of cream. Sometimes in cooking you will have to dilute it with a little water.

"IDEAL" MILK

Unsweetened

PREPARED BY NESTLÉ'S IN ENGLAND

Miss Diploma offers:

£200 FOR LIMERICKS

A Cheese-loving curate named Grime
Was tempted by Crustless to crime;
His landlady's larder
He robbed in his ardour

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
200 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 BOXES OF CHEESE
EACH CONTAINING SIX 3d PORTIONS
200 TINS of 'CORONET' Milk

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition: WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD. (Dept. 7), TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, November 16, 1928.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

More than £4,000 distributed already

£50 WINNER.

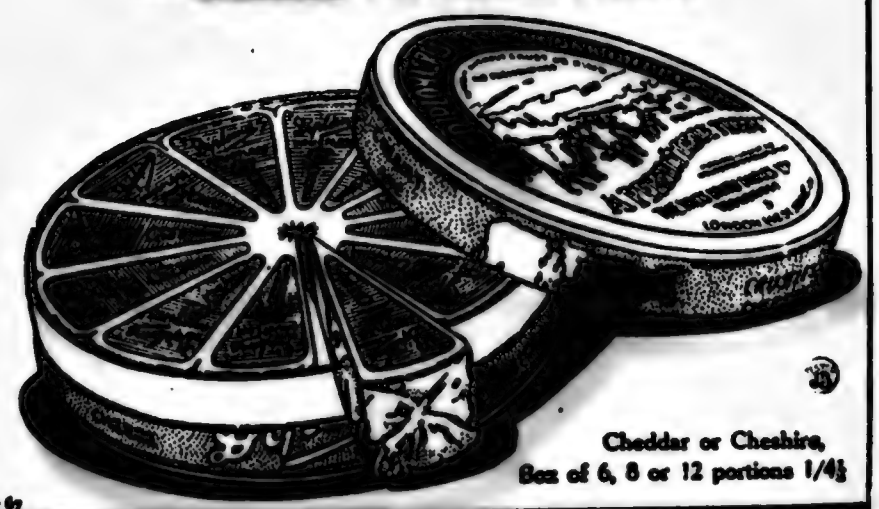
Insurance is wise, people say:
Then eat some 'Diploma' each day.
Which does, beyond question,
Insure good digestion,
And keeps 'ole man Liver' away.

£20 WINNER.

Insurance is wise, people say:
Then eat some 'Diploma' each day.
Which does, beyond question,
Insure good digestion,
Miss Muffet eats curds, now, this way.

'DIPLOMA'

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE



Cheddar or Cheshire.
Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

D 67

As you like it

ANZORA stands no nonsense. Rub a little into your hair then part it where you wish, or brush it straight back. You will have no more trouble for the rest of the day.

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2/- per bottle—Six times the quantity, 22/-

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A Cry from the Top Floor

by MABEL HORNER

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I AM a home lover. I passionately love my own home. I have a terrific amount of work that takes me out of it, and I can find quite a lot of enjoyment away from it.

I am not, indeed, averse from certain forms of communal life, some of which I have personally tested in the course of a varied career, but the place where I am really at my best and happiest is at home by "my ain fireside."

This, I think, is the inherited instinct of women who must have been the first to draw a home out of the wild wilderness for men.

And, whenever the world has been laid in ruins, it is women who have built up the homes again.

Thus, from both personal and instinctive reasons, I am always in heartbreak house over those thousands of present-day women who cannot get any sort of a place at a rental they can afford to turn into a decent home.

Lucky shelter

They write to me, these women, every week in dozens. Here, from a South London district, comes this cry:

"I feel as if I *must* write and tell you, since I have no one else in London I can tell, of my unbearable longing for a real home for my husband and three sons.

"Before the war, when I was first married, I had a decent little home. I had my own kitchen where I always baked my own bread.

"Best of all, I had my own back door opening into privacy in our own back premises.

"Here I am told I am lucky to get any sort of shelter with a landlord who doesn't object to children!

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A woman from Bolton, a woman from Caerlon, a woman from Leeds, and a woman from a tiny Norfolk village are among those who within the last few days have harrowed my soul by their bitter cry for a decent home.

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At Caerlon the things they call houses are public scandals. "I have one bedroom and a tiny boxroom to sleep six of us. As the boy is fifteen, he must have the latter and the girls are crowded in with me and dad. We pay 8s. weekly."

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WHAT had life done to her in those forty years to effect such a transformation?

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She is gone now to what we trust is a better and kinder world.

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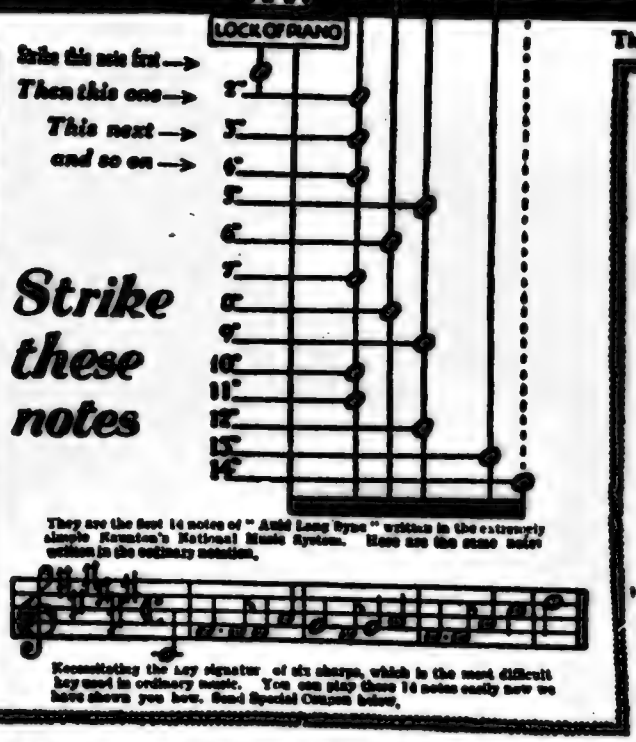
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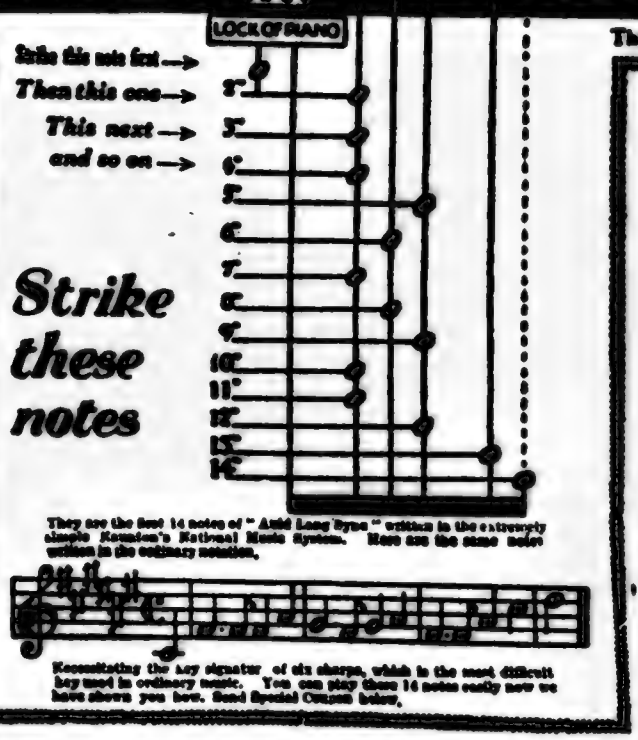
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Suffered for 28 Years! Cured in 4 Months!

"I am more than grateful for the benefit I have received from Elasto Treatment, as I have suffered for 28 years with Varicose Veins and Varicose Ulcers. I only wish that thousands of other sufferers could realise as I have done, how wonderful Elasto is. I was in bed, a hopeless case, when I got my first month's treatment, and can honestly say I was going about three days after much to everybody's surprise . . . I owe my life to Elasto. I am now, after four months' treatment, as well and as happy as the day is long. You can use both my photo and my name as publicly as you please, as it is the only way I can show my gratitude for the wonderful cure."

(Signed) Mrs. Teale, 9, Croydon Terrace, Holbeck, Leeds.

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Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment without rest and at small cost.

Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.*

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials.

Write for these to-day—NOW! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay. THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15/A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD!

The Home Forum—Conducted by MABEL HORNER

MONEY-SPINNING

Striving v. Repining

SEVERAL women were talking, and groaning, over the awful struggle that faced them each week when they tried to make ends meet.

"I have a number of envelopes," said one, "and I divide up the money as soon as I get it. One is marked rent, and nothing is allowed to be taken from that once the shillings go in, for we must have a roof over our heads.

"After that the gas pennies in a little bag, the money for sundries, and the regular amounts that we lay out each week on food, coal, cleaning materials. . . . There never seems a penny piece to put away for clothes."

Woman No. 2 tossed her head. "Life isn't worth living on such a cut-and-dried plan. After the rent and insurances, I just buy as well as I can and then—why! we live on bread-and-scratch until pay night again."

Woman No. 3, thin and anxious, liked best the methodical plan. She divided out her money carefully, but, strive as she would, she could not stretch the purse-strings to cover family requirements.

"So—I have to borrow—and am always behindhand with payment," she admitted with a blush. "I wish I knew how to earn a few shillings, just those few extra shillings that would make all the difference between comfort and miserable pinching."

This problem comes along to the Home Forum with such persistence that it must be dealt with. And if it is to be dealt with in a way that helps, plain speaking is best.

Too many women want to begin just where some highly successful woman is already at the top.

"I really am a business woman. I learnt engineering during the war," is one pronouncement, "and could manage a big works like Miss Annette Ashberry. Can you give me some introductions?"

Other women are utterly vague, both as to what they can do.

"Where can I find someone who can help me into something? If some kind person would lend me a little money I would start a little business."

Such an attitude to the matter-of-fact world of to-day betokens a helplessness that is quite useless. Better is the woman who says:

"I have a good deal of skill with my needle, developed by contriving clothes for my children. Now I give out that I am willing to make up pretty overalls for neighbours at a few pence a time and always have plenty of work on hand for busy mothers glad of my help."

Another woman who knows how to make old-fashioned treacle-toffee sticks boils a big batch every week when Saturday pennies are about, and her spotless little kitchen never lacks small, eager customers.

Still another woman darns stockings, and another is willing to take babies for airing and children to and from school.

Not big money? But who that made decent money ever began with big money first? The thing is to do beautifully whatever is offered to be done.

Women who have reached the top didn't fly there. They climbed, often in the night when others slept, and always painfully.

Miss Annette Ashberry, A.M.S.E., managing director of an engineering company, run entirely by women

FAMILY *Jars*

Can They Be Prevented?

"PLEASE help me!" comes a plea to the Home Forum. "Both I and my husband are suffering badly from nerves, and it is making our home life very unpleasant. Yet we love each other. We have both worked hard all our lives and tried to get on. We should both be so glad of advice."

There is something very nice about this letter. There is an entire absence of trying to fix the blame for home life being "unpleasant"; no pot calling out about the grimy pan! But we are *both* suffering from nerves, and we should *both* be glad of advice.

And, really, reading between the lines, a little friendly advice from a sympathiser is all that this home needs to put itself into a better and more cheerful mood again.

Nor does it take the abilities of a Sherlock Holmes to detect the cause of the trouble.

This is a poor home, probably sadly overcrowded, and the home-makers, since the war, have had a struggle. Prices have soared. Existence seems harder as the years roll on.

Husband and wife are jaded. They fret under the strain and their nerves are on edge. But to harp on one string only is to break it and still every note of music.

So, as there is no way at the moment of getting a larger house and better income, this couple must from time to time practise a few moments of forgetfulness. They must do it together and in a wholesome way.

Ragged nerves and jarring tones inside the house often turn to happiness and laughter in the sunshine. They will return invigorated to face their difficulties with fresh courage.

For even to pretend to be young and carefree for an hour or two will bring good results that are simply surprising.

Women Who Dared

PLUCK!

LADIES' luncheon clubs are not exactly an institution for the very poor. At least a small subscription and entrance-fee is needed and tickets for the monthly luncheons must be bought.

The meal, however, is usually of the simplest description, being merely the excuse to draw together thinking women who want to discuss matters of interest and importance afterwards.

Mrs. Duke

Luncheon clubs break down the silly cliques and exclusive little circles that so often afflict provincial towns.

But even luncheon clubs do not start themselves. A woman of initiative and energy is needed, one with capacity to map out the road and see the end from the beginning.

And usually, too, is needed one woman eager and enthusiastic enough to take upon her own shoulders a heavy burden of really hard work.

In the ancient City of York, it was Mrs. Sarah Duke who dared to add to all her other duties that of setting on its feet a luncheon club.

But for her cheerful urging, her steady and unremitting labours, her refusal to be daunted by difficulties, York would not have been roused from the usual "cathedral city sleepiness" by this admirable institution.

Its members are steadily informing themselves upon public questions and translating their knowledge into terms of public service.

Ladies' luncheons clubs may not be institutions for the very poor, but it is difficult to imagine a live one being started in a town without even the poorest woman there finally feeling its good effect.

* * *

[Correspondents who wish their home problems treated in this column are invited to write to Mabel Horner, The Home Forum, JOHN BULL, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.]

Mothers in Council

NO MORE *Babies!*

MRS. MARGARET PHILIPS, of 48, Mina Road, Bristol, has a drastic solution for unemployment and war.

"I am heartily sick of the cry for 'more children' all the time. There are one million unemployed now. Why not substitute the cry 'Work for those we have got!' instead of constantly reminding mothers that their duty is to have large families.

"The sufferings of mothers are always great, but when children come when parents are out of work then suffering turns to utter agony.

"I am mother of three children, but I am forced to see that if I were mother of one only, it would be better nourished and my health would not be wrecked.

"To-day, people who have no children at all ought to feel thankful. They do not live in dread of one day seeing their children go out to be slaughtered in war. They have not the fear of seeing them lose health and vitality through the slow starvation of unemployment.

"Is it not, then, an utter crime to bring any more children into the world as things are?"

Surely, a thousand times, no! Where father and mother are healthy and there is reasonable prospect of immediate employment the risk must be taken.

For the rest, we must insist that unemployment be tackled and work might and main for disarmament. There is no great monster of evil brooding over our children's fate.

We have it in our own power to decide what sort of a world they shall inhabit. We are masters of our own fate. We choose our own leaders.

Let us work hard to understand the great causes of the evils we deplore and work even harder to put them right. The presence of children is our strongest incentive.

MONEY FOR COUPONS

JUST SMOKE BANDMASTER CIGARETTES AND EXCHANGE THE COUPONS FOR CASH

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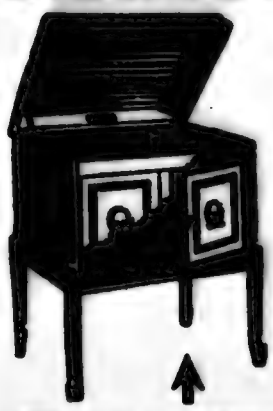

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TOO OLD TIRED OUT MEN

HERE IS A 43-YEAR-OLD DOCTOR RECOMMENDED REMEDY

Too old, tired-out men, complaining of lack of vigour and vitality, your trouble in the true sense is not a nervous one. It is a blood trouble, starting at the kidneys. The kidneys may be said to rule the body's health. When the kidneys are failing to keep the blood-stream pure, poisons and waste matter accumulate. Thus with an impure blood supply surging through the body, poisons are lodged in the muscles, joints, etc., and every tiny nerve centre calls out in pain. That is why your "nerves," as you say, are on edge. The impure, sluggish blood makes you tired, weak and lacking in the vim and vigour to enjoy work and pleasure.

There is a remedy for this depressing, health-destroying state of affairs, and a very simple remedy, too. It is no secret. It has been known for over 40 years under the name De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Tens of thousands of people have tested this remedy and found it invaluable in all cases of Loss of Vitality, Lumbago, Weak Back, Sciatica, Bladder Weakness and Kidney Trouble. Go to your chemist now and secure a supply of this inexpensive, yet wonderful remedy. The 3/- you spend will be the best investment you will ever make. Ask him to tell you candidly his opinion of

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MURDERED *by her* HUSBAND

Hopes Dashed by Inches—Dangerous Thief—The Limit!

MY only sister is lying at death's door in a private nursing home suffering from a terrible disease contracted from her husband. I am her only living relative and she has asked me to care for her two little boys when she is gone.

Years ago, when she fled from her husband in fear of her life I urged her to leave him for good, but she sadly replied that it was too late.

The true significance of her words did not dawn upon my consciousness at the time, but now I know only too well to what she referred. For eight years she bore with his cruelties rather than expose the sordid drama of her married life.

The house in which the family resides is her own. She also has a country house. These were bequeathed to her from an uncle. Her banking account shows a balance of several thousands, but her husband and his lawyer inform me that all she dies possessed of will go to her husband. My sister has not made any will.

My personal means are ample for my own needs, but I have been urged to fight the case on behalf of the two boys. I have all my sister's papers which my brother-in-law is demanding, and he quite shamelessly admits that he has another woman in view.

Am I to stand aside and see my two nephews in the custody of some prostitute? for such is the type of woman with whom their father consorts.

HUMANIST says: I heartily sympathise with your sister in the tragic circumstances of her married life, and it is unfortunate she omitted to seek freedom from her husband at the outset of his gross infidelities.

In the event of her dying intestate the husband would inherit her estate. My advice is that you should visit your sister in company with a lawyer for the purpose of having a will drawn up bequeathing her property to her children, and also arranging for their guardianship.

* * *

MY husband, an ex-Service man, is employed as a labourer at a weekly wage of 38s. 2d.

He is a steady, hardworking fellow, tectotal, and most anxious to make headway; therefore, imagining work on the railway offered good prospect of advancement, he wrote to the general superintendent of one of the companies for the necessary form of application.

Hopes Dashed

This form he duly completed, and also complied with the instruction to be medically examined, giving height, weight, etc., and all other details requested.

The signatures were required of several people who could vouch for his integrity.

A fortnight later the people whom my husband had given for reference were recipients of letters plying them with numerous questions, and ultimately he was ordered to attend the next town for medical examination.

For this purpose my husband was obliged to lose a day's work and subsequently his pay, but everything seemed so promising, and we were both so happy in the belief that the little one we were shortly expecting would be given a bigger chance in life when my husband secured the better-paid post.

A week later my husband received another summons to attend a distant town, and although he received a free railway pass, it again meant loss of wages.

His height was once more taken, and after a few more questions, such as his reason for wishing to leave his present employment, he was bluntly told that his application was rejected on the grounds of height.

My man was not too short to defend his country in 1914. Moreover, I have since observed men of shorter stature working on the railway.

HUMANIST says: I sympathise with you both, and if inches are of much importance, your husband should not have been put to inconvenience and expense after giving his height in the first place.

He could, of course, report all the circumstances to the general manager of the company and courteously request an explanation, or simply continue his search for more remunerative employment with redoubled energy.

I hope most sincerely such efforts will be richly rewarded. He must not admit defeat.

* * *

EMPLOYED in a shop, I handle fairly large sums of money. The only other assistant is a young woman, but my employer's nephew, who works outside the town, is in the habit of paying visits about twice a week, and it is he who is causing us considerable anxiety.

Robbing His Uncle

This young man times his visits when we have finished for the night and when my employer is alone, except for the errand-boy.

He walks round the counter under the pretext of warming himself at the fire, and when his uncle's attention is occupied with some customer he opens the till and helps himself.

The other evening the errand-boy stood partially obscured by some boxes and observed the nephew slowly open the till, insert his hand and place something which rustled into his pocket.

We have been suspicious of his furtive movements near the till while his uncle has been at tea, and have observed him quickly close the drawer and snatch up a newspaper should one of us appear.

Recently his uncle lost a £1 note, but usually the money is put in the till unchecked, so amounts might easily be taken without detection.

Our trouble is that our employer may frequently miss sums of money and blame the young woman and myself, which you will agree is a serious matter, yet we are afraid to denounce the nephew for fear we should not be believed.

Can you suggest a way out of the predicament?

HUMANIST says: I think it obvious that your employer should be acquainted with the facts, but you might first afford the nephew an opportunity of confessing his thefts to his uncle and making an offer of repayment.

If he is permitted to continue his way unchallenged, he will ultimately develop into an unmitigated thief, until he finally pays the penalty of imprisonment.

Should he prove obdurate to your suggestion, then you will have no alternative but to inform his uncle and advise him not to accept your statements, but to set a watch on the young man's movements and so obtain conclusive proof for himself.

* * *

I HAVE been married twelve years and have three children. During the early years of my married life I worked to augment our income, but my husband only got into financial difficulties and in all I have paid £170 to money-lenders on his behalf and am now paying 7s. 6d. weekly towards his last debt. This in spite of the fact that he earns £5 a week.

Crowning Insult

He now tells me he requires £3 to repay a man from whom he had this sum, and who borrowed it from a sick club, but I have declared he shall not have another penny, although I shall soon be drawing a bonus.

This is not the worst. A married woman is shortly to bear him a child, and just as he has always turned to me to extricate him from the havoc of his various escapades, so he has the audacity to ask me to see her through her confinement and take the child off her hands, and declares that if I dare divorce him he will not be responsible for our support.

He now admits that women have driven him to the moneylenders in the past. What must I do? Can I claim damages against this woman?

HUMANIST says: It is disgraceful to think that the proceeds of your labours have provided for your husband's unlicensed lust. But the crowning impertinence is that you should be asked to bear the expense of the woman's confinement and to adopt his illegitimate child.

In view of the immoral influence he provides your children, I think you should divorce your husband—the Poor Person's Department will help you if you have no means—and ask for permanent alimony.

I hardly think an action against the woman for alienation of your husband's affection is warranted in consequence of his previous affairs.

* * *

Blackmailing Sister.—Your fiancée's sister is trying to blackmail you, but you should resist her demands for money by threatening to report her to the police. As your mission to the house in question appears to have been an innocent one, explain things to your fiancée yourself and thus defeat her sister's blackmailing object.

Evasive Emigrant.—As reciprocal legislation does not yet exist in Canada, a maintenance order taken out in this country could not be enforced there. If the man cannot be relied upon to support his wife and family, in the event of emigrating they would be wise to accompany him when he leaves, and thus make redress, in the circumstances, possible.

Finding Him.—Presumably your husband is on the Army Reserve, therefore write to the War Office for his present address. Failing this, the Clerk of the Court could ascertain his whereabouts by writing to the Pension Issue Office, Acton, W., to whom they would be disclosed for the purpose of issuing a warrant for your husband's arrest.

Problems of Life

that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist."

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Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's Puzzle is on page 42.

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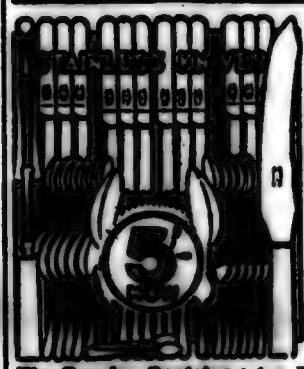

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Our Letter Parliament

AREN'T WE *ALL* LIARS?

Are White Lies Ever Justifiable?

IT is the "little foxes" which play havoc with the vineyards, states the Old Book. So the white lie nibbles at the roots of a truthful character: The white lie is such an anæmic subterfuge that one can scarcely imagine any but weaklings and cowards resorting to it. Yet "white lies," alas, are so commonplace that without them there would be no such thing as "polite society." There seems to be no substitute for the "white lie."—*C. W., Beds.*

Half Way—Whole Way

All lies, active or passive, black or white, are with intent to deceive and therefore unjustifiable. A false significance of speech or action, however slight, has the motive of deception. The definitions of all lies are many and varied, those of convenience, or interest, or fear, or of flattery, but nevertheless lies or equivocation—the half way to black lies, the whole way to hell.—*W. S. R., Leeds.*

Fishers Foiled

I occupy a very responsible business position in which the keeping of important business secrets is absolutely imperative. Certain individuals now and then endeavour to extract these secrets from me, and just as frequently I am compelled, conscientiously, to tell "a white lie" in order to thwart them. By so doing I am enabled to retain the full confidence of my employers.—*Salesman, Cumberland.*

Nurse's Godsend

To the hospital nurse's way of thinking a "white lie" is justifiable, and has proved to me on many occasions, as charge nurse, a veritable godsend. Through the "white lie" I have told on many occasions I have taken away a patient's downcast feeling and replaced it with hopes of a brighter outlook.—*Sixteen Years Nurse, Chesterfield.*

No Alternative

White lies are justifiable if the motive which creates them is pure, the effect beneficial, and there is no alternative. I would tell a white lie to save a woman's reputation, to prevent harsh treatment to a child, and to save a friend from harm, always providing the results were not harmful to others, and there was no equally simple method of getting over the difficulty.—*H. J. R., London, S.W.*

Only Fireworks!

When a volley of about a dozen shots was fired into a hall at Rathfarnham, Dublin, the rector (who was presiding over a concert attended by 150 women and children) at once got up and said, "There's no need for alarm; it's only boys throwing 'slap-bangs.'" Fears were at once allayed and people resumed their seats. Inspection of the hall afterwards disclosed bullet-holes in doors as well as small windows. The rector's "white lie" had averted a panic.—*W. B., Wigan.*

Saving Heartbreak

Only a working man and his wife. Their all one son. They toiled and went without all their lives to start him in a good way, and he made good. He went through the war, winning honours, but was taken sick on the voyage home and died. His distracted mother crossed to see him too late. Sobbingly asking the nurse what message he left, she said, "Oh, none." "But, nurse, I am his mother. Surely there was some message for me." To this the nurse replied, "No; he just died." That mother's heart would never have bled so much if a little "white lie" had crept to that nurse's lips.—*T. R., Southsea.*

If I were Editor of "John Bull"!

Original letters on this subject, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

We will also pay £1 1s. each week for the best suggestion for the topic for the next week's "Letter Parliament."

Giving Hope

After coming home from America, I met an aged couple who spoke with love and pride of their boy who had gone to America, and who wrote home regularly telling them what a wonderful time he was having. Suddenly his letters ceased. Instead of telling them that their son had turned crook, and was now in prison, I told them he had gone prospecting and couldn't write because he was beyond the bounds of civilisation. This lie gave them hope instead of fears.—*L. D., Ogmore Vale.*

Points from Letters

I have never deliberately told a lie.—*C., Devon.*

Who would rob the little mites of their belief in Santa Claus?—*G. G. G., Norwich.*

The greatest problem of the present times is to get through the day with as few falsehoods as possible.—*J. E. B., Ashford.*

Between man and wife a white lie is better than keeping the Ten Commandments the way ordinary people keep them.—*H. R., Epsom.*

We are a nation living by our wits. It seems that everything must be whitewashed before we can deliver the goods.—*M. C., Syston.*

The unmarried mother who wears a wedding-ring to shield her infant is acting one of the most stainless lies imaginable.—*C. C., Wilton.*

How pleased a mother is when you say, "What a lovely baby," and how hurt she would be if you told her your true thoughts.—*E. R. H., Louth.*

The fellow who puts a pal "in the cart" and then exclaims, "I had to tell the truth, you know," is the most to be despised.—*W. A., Plumstead.*

* * *

TABLOID TONICS

MR. BALDWIN.—*We have deliberately turned our backs on war.*

BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.—*Christianity at its highest has nothing to fear from science.*

THEODORA THOMPSON.—*Life, experience, at our own door to-day, is our glorious opportunity.*

WILSON H. STURGE.—*Unemployed men should be given access to the land.*

MARY HIGGS.—*There are many young men who would gladly "sign on" for training in an Army of Industry.*

PROF. SIR JOHN ADAMS.—*A breach of faith with a child is fatal.*

JOHN BLACKIE.—*Sympathy, love and gentleness are greater than brute force.*

LADY FRANCES STEWART.—*The needs of those who can pay rents of twenty to twenty-five shillings a week have largely been met, but overcrowded slums are still a blot on our civilisation.*

Meter Rents

For some considerable time a "cheaper electricity" campaign has been carried on, but, in my opinion, a much simpler way to ease the consumer's pocket would be to abolish the rent on meters. I do not know the original cost of them, but I am sure they are paid for threefold. When I read "2s. 6d. rent of meter" on my demand note, I see red, and if one is unfortunate enough to have his house assessed a little higher the demand is for 5s.—*T. E., Southampton.*

For Dark Nights

A standardised system of placing street names at all street corners, and numbering all houses and buildings, would be a public convenience, saving time and temper. Such signs could be made luminous with comparatively little cost, and could be enforced either by the Ministry of Health or Home Office authority. Public clocks should similarly be synchronised.—*W. P., London, S.E.*

More "John Bulls" Wanted

Having some time to wait last Wednesday evening for my train home, and not wishing to wait till I got home to see the results of "Bullets," I entered a public reading-room. Here I found that only one copy of JOHN BULL was allowed. I asked the man who was reading it if I might look at the back page for half a minute. He told me there were three others who had spoken for it before me. Should this catch the eyes of readers who have to wait where only one JOHN BULL is allowed, I would suggest them making application for extra copies.—*T. E., Porthill.*

Help for Hospitals

Hospitals throughout the country are crying out for funds to "carry on." The enormous number of motor accidents which occur daily are now adding to their burden. Why not add to each motor licence a small sum for hospitals? This could be distributed annually to the hospitals throughout the country. Hospitals are dependent upon local support. The motor-accident victim may, and very often does, belong to another part of the country.—*J. R., Durham.*

Costly Illness

The custom prevailing amongst many employers of paying only a proportion of the wage of any of their staff who falls ill involves many a home in debt and anxiety, just at a time when more money is needed for little luxuries and incidental expenses. The average man consequently refuses to stay at home when feeling ill, and goes to work to spread germs of infection amongst his colleagues, a danger which would be obviated if he received sympathetic treatment at the hands of his employer.—*D. H. G., Essex.*

Famous Ballot Mystery

With reference to the article in JOHN BULL of October 27, entitled "First Prize Mystery in Famous Ballot," the members of the staff of this association are in no better position than the public to forecast the correct popular vote. Mr. Heat had left the service of the association before the envelopes containing the ballot entries were even opened and before anyone knew the correct popular order. Further, before paying the first prizewinner, we obtained from her a statutory declaration that she filled up the winning ticket herself without any help from anyone, and we are fully satisfied that no collusion had taken place.—*Secretary, British Charities Association.*

"I got some refreshing sleep after taking PHOSFERINE"

"PHOSFERINE has greatly benefited my health. On one occasion I had a very severe attack of facial neuralgia for three weeks. My medical adviser said it would have to wear itself out—but in the meantime I was suffering torture and could get no sleep. A friend brought in some Phosferine Tablets, and in two days the pain had gone and I got some refreshing sleep. The doctor called again and I told him what I had taken. He said :—'Go on by all means, I have a patient who swears by them.' I continued with the tablets and soon felt my old self again. Since then I take Phosferine Tablets whenever I feel in want of a tonic, or am inclined to be sleepless or nervy." (Miss E. M. Bransby, 2, Rochford Road, Basingstoke.)

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is not a "drug." It contains no aspirin (acetyl salicylic acid), cannot affect the heart or teeth, and does not cause constipation. It is given to the children with equally good results.

The addition of a few drops of Phosferine to any soft drinks, such as lime juice, lemonade, etc., is very pleasant and most beneficial.

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From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid.

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publishes the story of the personal reasons that led to the discovery of "Curicones," as well as many tributes from doctors, their patients and others. Sufferers will find good news, indeed, in this little book, and encouraging results from the free trial supply of "Curicones."

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Sit down now and write your name and address on the coupon below.

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THE tortures inflicted by rheumatic ailments, and rheumatoid arthritis in particular, are too well known to need repetition. If you are a sufferer, fill in and post the coupon below to-day for a Free Trial Sample of "CURICONES" and a wonderful free book which fully describes a new simple home treatment, a scientific remedy, whose efficacy is vouched for by every section of the population.

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unsolicited, from doctors, nurses, the clergy, statesmen, soldiers, artisans, etc., constitute conclusive evidence and overwhelming proof that rheumatic affections do yield to the "CURICONES" treatment. There is not a shadow of doubt that it has saved thousands from despair.

Dr. L. G. (L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.), of Cheshire, writes: "I have suffered more or less from Rheumatoid Arthritis for four years. A month ago, when I commenced taking 'Curicones,' I could only crawl about. I can now walk two miles at a stretch with comparatively little pain. 'Curicones' have given me truly marvellous relief."

"CURICONES" bring quick relief from the first dose. Pain vanishes, swellings disappear—vitality is restored. They are pleasant and easy to take, and contain an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. There is not the slightest discomfort or derangement of the system by their action which is prompt and direct.

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Only 9/- Monthly

This magnificent gramophone with 20 splendid tunes is packed and delivered free immediately on receipt of 9/-. Massive hand carved figured Oak Cabinet 38 inches high embodies double spring 8-minute Motor. Large Japanned Metal Resonator and Mound box yield a rich, clear and very loud tone. 5) Table Grands, Sideboard Jacobeans, Exterior Horn Models and novel Portables to choose from. Sent on approval. Your Money refunded if dissatisfied.

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Bile Beans are a tested and successful family medicine of over 30 years' standing. No other pill gives the same smooth, natural action, or is so effective for liver, stomach, and bowels. Being compounded from vegetable extracts, Bile Beans go further than calomel and other mineral pills, and do not need the dose increasing. They mark a departure from the old-style purgatives, which are so weakening.

Bile Beans are economical, more efficacious and unequalled for indigestion, flatulence, constipation, biliousness, sallow skin, liver troubles, dizziness, anæmia, sick headaches, general debility, depression, &c.

Sold by all chemists and stores in cases sealed with the Government stamp.

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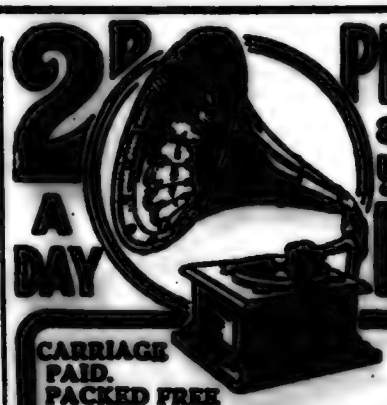

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BOOK NOW OPEN ON THE FOOTBALL CUP.

JOLLY OLD JUMPERS AT AINTREE

Ruddyman May Win the "Sefton"

THE gentleman responsible for the phrase, "Hats Off to France," has earned a little niche for himself. Certainly our friends across the water have a right to feel proud of their Cambridgeshire horses, Masked Marvel, Insight and Palais Royal.

FROM the news I have gathered, the double-event commission-agents fared very badly, but, although Palais Royal started a hot 5 to 1 favourite, most of them breathed a sigh of relief that the French horse came up and not Sunny Trace, Gang Warily, Fohanaun or Baytown.

STAY-AT-HOME backers had the surprise of their life to see Mr. Wittouck's colt at the head of affairs, but this was due to the fact that there was a packet of Continental money unloaded on the course, and ultimately many pencillers, who had taken an overdose, had to hedge at a cramped price.

PUNTERS, biassed by the opinion that British articles are best, are prejudiced against invaders, and I do not think that much money will have gone into British pockets as a result of the double.

WHEN the famous Epinard came over here a few years back, he ran away with the Stewards' Cup, starting a 7 to 2 favourite. I remember asking my bookmaker the following day if he had been hit very heavily. He laughed; he had not a penny for it.

Lord Dewar, owner of The Cheerful Abbot

MR. WITTOUCK intends to have Palais Royal trained for our Ascot Gold Cup. His hard-worked and much-travelled Bois Josselyn, who made several attempts at our long-distance prizes, will fail no more. He has been retired to the Belgian millionaire's stud-farm from which the game horse took his name. Fingias, by the way, has also retired.

LIVERPOOL'S Grand Sefton meeting this week is a sign that the flat is approaching its last stage and that I shall have to be noting some useful jumpers to follow. However, we have still three big events to be decided, the Liverpool Cup, Derby Cup, and Manchester November Handicap—weather permitting.

THE Liverpool Cup usually falls to a four-year-old, but I am hoping that on this occasion The Cheerful Abbot—a second season colt—will make cheerful backers. Lord Dewar's horse gave the Free Handicap at headquarters a miss last week, but he is in the pink of condition and may turn up at a nice price.

IN the past we have done well in the Grand Sefton. Trump Card proved an ace last November, and I was fortunate in putting up in these notes Grecian Wave, who carried off the prize in 1926. This time I am going for Ruddyman, owned by Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

MR. SELFRIDGE has Grand National ambitions. A few years back he purchased Misconduct in the hope of capturing the world's greatest 'chase, but the old plodder was not good enough. He has since been destroyed. In Ruddyman he owns a consistent gelding who may spring a surprise.

I PAID particular attention to Ruddyman in the Cholmondeley 'Chase at Sandown Park recently, when he finished third to Eagle's Tail and Lutoi. He could not match the first or second for speed, but there was no fault to find with his jumping, and he is not likely to come a cropper over the biggest obstacles at Aintree.

I NOTICED in a contemporary that The Bird, when fancied, would not easily be knocked off his perch. This struck me as amusing, as a few days earlier the Baron de Tuyll's three-year-old had started favourite in a field of twenty-nine! He was fancied all right, but failed. This was The Bird's first outing over jumps, and as he finished close up in the huge field—seventh—I am convinced that the losses will be recovered next time out.

IT is quite on the cards that George Duller will be riding at Aintree. For the last few months the champion hurdle jockey has kept his hand in riding for Mr. Emanuel in America. He left for Home on the *Olympic* last Saturday. Duller's mount in the hurdle events is a tip worth following.

COMING events cast their shadows before them—at least, so we are told. For some time past tall stories have been in circulation about the Beckhampton youngster, Totalisator. He made his first appearance at Newmarket, and was a big failure, running into fourth place behind Brienz.

WE may find some nice week-end winners at Windsor's two-day meeting. On his running in the Free Handicap, Miscou appears to have an excellent chance of taking the Lord Mayor's Handicap, and I suggest Carl Rosa for the Frogmore Nursery.

ON Saturday His Majesty's Magnum Bonum is treated leniently in the Combermere Handicap. The seven-year-old was bang on top of Nicolette at Doncaster last time out. Tetracaum should take the Thames Handicap and Consider the Athens Stakes.

"SILVER RING."

TWO coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

G J S W B A T K I 2 N Z P V

M O Q F G 4 E D H Y X L U R

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be. G42EJFX would read BAYTOWN.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, November 7 to Tuesday, November 13.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily, sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

WONDERFUL WIRELESS OFFER

The Graves 'Vulcan' 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Value & Efficiency. Every requisite is included, no extras are required, and full detailed instructions are sent with every set.

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BRIEF SPECIFICATION: Cabinet of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid. Mullard Dull Emitter Valves, anti-microphonic valve-holders, H.T. Battery, 2-Volt Accumulator, Tuning Dials of exceptional capacity, and complete Aerial Outfit. LOUD SPEAKER specially constructed to co-ordinate with the Set, and Oak-grained to match the Cabinet. In both reception and reproduction it may be relied upon to give excellent results. The Set complete £7.17.6

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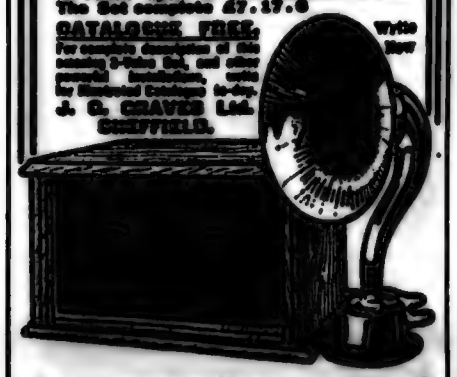

IMPORTANT.—All Purchasers of the above Set (or other Graves Wireless Installations) will receive the full benefit of the reductions in Marconi Royalties, & the correct amount in each case will be deducted from the invoice

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Arsenal, Blackburn, Manchester C., Darlington, South Shields, Charlton.
5 HOME.—Blackburn, Everton, Chesterfield, South Shields, Southend.
4 HOME.—Arsenal, Everton, Blackpool, Charlton.
3 AWAY.—Leeds; Stockport, Plymouth.
3 DRAWS.—Bradford v. Hull, Coventry v. Swindon, Third Lanark v. St. Mirren.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Blackburn, Everton, Manchester C., Tottenham, Glasgow Rangers.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—South Shields, Stockport, Rochdale v. Halifax.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUES I. AND II.).—Arsenal, Blackburn, Everton, Manchester C., Blackpool.

FORECASTS FOR NOVEMBER 17.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Burnley, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester U., West Ham.
AWAY WINNERS.—Arsenal, Blackburn, Everton.
DRAWS.—Cardiff v. Huddersfield, Newcastle v. Birmingham.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Hull, Middlesbrough, Notts County, Oldham, Port Vale, Preston, Southampton, Wolverhampton.

AWAY WINNERS.—West Bromwich.
DRAWS.—Millwall v. Chelsea, Tottenham v. Notts Forest.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III.
(NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford C., Carlisle, Halifax, Lincoln, Rotherham, Stockport, Tranmere, Wigan.
AWAY WINNERS.—South Shields, Wrexham.
DRAW.—Hartlepools v. Chesterfield.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III.
(SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Bristol R., Crystal Palace, Fulham, Plymouth, Queen's Park Rangers, Torquay, Walsall, Watford.
AWAY WINNERS.—Northampton.
DRAWS.—Newport v. Bournemouth, Swindon v. Luton.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Ayr, Celtic, Hibernians, Motherwell, Queen's Park, Glasgow Rangers, St. Mirren.
AWAY WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Third Lanark.
DRAW.—Airdrie v. Partick.

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This Steval wonder Gramophone is guaranteed for Three Years, and gives a full, deep, resonant tone, better than many similar models selling at 12 Gns. This scientific product of master craftsmen is a revelation in value at its low price. Thousands being sold. Order yours now.

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Worth 18 Gns.

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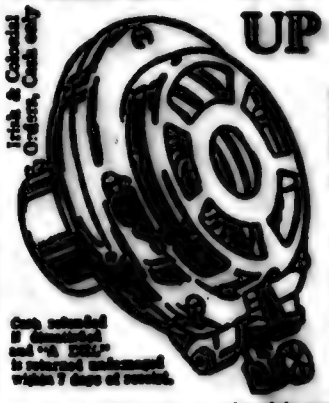

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J. MARTIN & SONS (475), 82, St. Thomas's St., London, S.E.1

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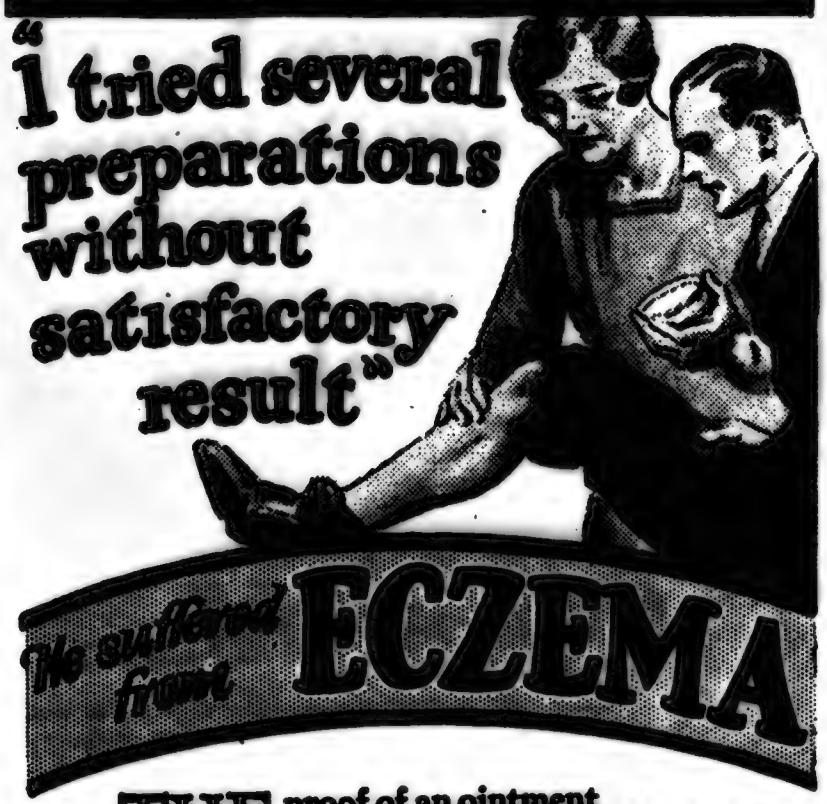
One point on which all Doctors are agreed is that to maintain or regain really good health you must have a properly regulated and balanced diet.

Those who would like a little free expert advice on this very important subject should write to the great health expert, EUSTACE MILES, M.A. (Dept. D.R.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2, who has given permanent relief of various ailments and troubles to many thousands and has put them on the straight road to physical and mental fitness. Mention any ailments and details of average daily meals. Write name and address in capitals, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

"I tried several preparations without satisfactory result"



THE proof of an ointment is its healing power. Mr. Durrant's experience is just another *proof* of the supremacy of Germolene, as a sure and quick healer—only *two* tins were needed! Aseptic (germ-proof), *non-smarting*, instantly soothing, tissue-building: Germolene is an ideal surgical dressing for children's cuts, scratches and bruises, and unsurpassed for serious and long-standing skin troubles. Every mother should keep a tin handy.

Only two tins were needed

"I had suffered with Eczema (local) on my leg for 9 years and it was slowly eating through to the bone. I tried several preparations and went under special treatment without satisfactory results. At last my Mother persuaded me to try Germolene, and I am pleased to say two boxes effected a complete cure—now there is no sign that I ever suffered from Eczema." G. C. Durrant, 4, Harriet St., Higher Broughton, Manchester.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP
Use it instead of ordinary soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

§ *Germolene is the most effective treatment for*

Eczema
Infectious rashes, sore and sore. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Ulcers
abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolene to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Bad Leg
Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad leg. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Rashes
and blotches—every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most effectious in cases of ringworm.

Scalds
Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood-poisoning will be prevented.

Cuts
Safety first—apply Germolene. Many have had cause to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

VAPEX
INHALANT

If you have a Cold

inhale "Vapex" from your handkerchief and the cold will soon be a thing of the past. "Vapex" penetrates the complicated passages of nose and throat, bathing them in an antiseptic atmosphere in which germs cannot grow. The inflamed mucous membrane is soothed, cleansed and protected from re-infection.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD
Bardsley Vale, Lancs.
V. 43

Himrod's
Asthma Cure
Gives quick relief to sufferers from Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Influenza, etc.
4/6 a tin at all Chemists

"He's so bristly"

Men who go "out" with their beards a bit "blue and bristly" are not popular. Yet most men can do without a second shave if they have a really close shave in the morning.

See how quickly Erasmic lathers, how closely and evenly it softens the beard, how it stays on the face without drying. And tender skins are soothed and refreshed by the tonic properties of Erasmic Shaving Stick.

ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK
in the Blue Tin 1/-
(In nickel container—1/3)
ER. 126-34 Not applicable in the Irish Free State.

NOVEMBER for COLDS—
'NOSTROLINE' FOR QUICK RELIEF.

You cannot go safely through November without "Nostroline." It banishes Colds and Catarrh quickly when they come. If used before, it wards them off. At all Chemists. 1/3. So soothing and pleasant.

YOUR NOSE NEEDS
NOSTROLINE
Nasal Specific

NEW SHOES FOR 6d

Don't discard when soiled or faded. Dye with RADIUM Dyes. Quick, easy and inexpensive. Dyes the Eyelets as well as the Leather. Mop Free. In BLACK, Browns, Blues, Etc.
From repairers, leather stores, boot shops, etc. In case of difficulty write for nearest dealer
RADIUM LIMITED
BROADHEATH, ALTRINCHAM
RADIUM Leather DYES

NEURALGIA
Neuritis, Headache, quickly yield to Kephaldol which is absolutely harmless, can be taken freely, and is not habit forming. Equally efficacious for preventing and curing Colds and Influenza. Keep a tube handy and take "Kephaldol"—the proved remedy—at the first sign of pain or chill. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists, Stores, or post free from Keph Products Co., 11b, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.1.

GRAVES

THE FINEST GRAMOPHONE OFFER EVER MADE
This magnificent, fully warranted Gramophone, and Ten double-sided 10-inch Records for 5/- with order. Accurately adjusted perpetual motor. Lovely polished Oak Cabinet. Improved tapered tone arm and super-sensitive reproducer. The Ten Records (20 selections), are all brilliant & popular items. Price complete £2.19.6
TERMS: 5/- with order, and 15 monthly payments of 5/-
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Horn, Hornless, Cabinet and Portable models. List of needle Records post free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield
WITH 10 DOUBLE-SIDED 10-INCH RECORDS (Twenty Selections)

EASY-TO-LAY GUARANTEED ROOFING

PLUVEX—the best roof felt for all small buildings. The quality of every roll is guaranteed. Gives years of weather-resisting wear on any of your small buildings. Not a penny to spend on paint or tar. Clean to handle, and anybody can lay it. Rolls of 108 sq. ft. 5/9. Heavy grade 8/- from Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants everywhere.
Write for Free Samples and Booklet explaining its uses.
PLUVEX ROOF FELT
The RUBEROID Co. Ltd
65, Lincoln House, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.

Put down Liverpool Virus to-day and kill all rats and mice. The only safe way. Harmless to domestic animals, birds and human beings.
LIVERPOOL VIRUS
In tins from all chemists. For Mice, 1/6 and 2/6. For Rats, 2/6 and 6/-, ready baited.
EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LTD., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

What Made His HAIR GROW?
Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.
"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.
"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."
This certified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (33R.Y.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

FREE BILLIARD TABLES
32
given away
WRITE FOR DETAILS and FREE Price List.

Never a dull moment with a "RILEY" in the home!
FOR A FIRST PAYMENT OF 14/-
Rileys will deliver to your door their popular 6ft. "Home" Billiard Table to rest on your dining table, and allow 7 days' play to test it. You will certainly be delighted, and decide to keep it to brighten the winter evenings. Cash price £11 15 0. Other sizes and prices are:—

4ft. 4ins. x 2ft. 4ins.	£7	0	0
5ft. 4ins. x 2ft. 10ins.	£9	5	0
6ft. 4ins. x 3ft. 4ins.	£11	15	0
7ft. 4ins. x 3ft. 10ins.	£15	0	0
8ft. 4ins. x 4ft. 4ins.	£21	10	0

or in 18 monthly payments of 8/6, 11/-, 14/-, 18/-, 22/-

You pay as you play and 7 days' Free Trial Guaranteed Satisfaction. Write for Art List.
Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables are also sent on 7 days' trial, and can be had in oak or mahogany in a variety of designs to match your furniture. Cash prices from £22 10s., or in easy monthly payments. Rileys are also the largest makers of full size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates Free.
E. J. RILEY, LIMITED,
ARDEN WORKS, ACCRINGTON,
and at Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

RILEYS GIVE 7 DAYS Free trial
pay carriage and take all risks in transit

Showing Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

JOHN BULL Replies

Our Free Advice Service: *"The best advice I ever had, and it cost me nothing." This is the testimony of a reader who sought the counsel of JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service at a time of great difficulty. This experience may be yours if you send particulars (written in ink) of anything that is causing you worry, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. A competent staff of experts is prepared to give you "the best advice" also.*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

S. S. (Belper).—"What is wind?" Air in a hurry.

T. T. (Stepney).—"What could be worse than drink?" Thirst.

L. B. (Bloomsbury).—"I have just got engaged to him." Does he know yet?

A. P. (Hounslow).—"What do I get for writing this article?" Practice.

A. N. (Ventnor).—"What makes more noise than a pig in a sty?" Two pigs.

W. S. (Esher).—"May I present my wife to you?" No thanks, we have one.

G. M. (Lambeth).—"I can't think of worse music than jazz." Thank goodness!

R. T. (Maidenhead).—"My father is a wild animal trainer." Can you do any tricks?

T. V. (Loughton).—"I work in a Government office." What an original idea!

A. N. (Goole).—"Do cocktails encourage the appetite?" Oh, yes. For cocktails.

G. B. (Chilworth).—"I have reached the cross-roads of life." Keep to the right.

Mrs. J. (Eltham).—"I think the modern girl is ripping." Heavens! Where?

G. K. (Shenton).—"Whom do you think is the hero of my new book?" The publisher.

G. A. (Sugden).—"Is it possible to live without drinking?" Yes, until you die of thirst.

M. B. (Partick).—"The modern girl is too sensible to let a fool kiss her." Or a kiss fool her.

A. Y. (Dunedin).—"Being so very short, a game of billiards tires me." You need a long rest.

L. F. (Hornsey).—"I have invented a cough cure, but nobody will buy it." Another drug on the market.

T. C. (Rodney).—"When a child I fell out of my cradle." And you have been off your rocker ever since?

N. G. (Matlock).—"I lived for a week on a tin of salmon." You can't have had much room to move about.

P. J. (Roade).—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as possible?" He gets cold feet.

H. D. (Yeovil).—"I wonder why she closed her eyes when I kissed her." Look in the mirror.

L. B. (Glasgow).—"Shall I buy a car or a house?" A house, and then mortgage it to get the car.

C. D. (Acton).—"I hope you don't think the worse of me for this letter." We couldn't.

B. H. (Bradford).—"Happily, I believe in myself?" How jolly that you are so easily convinced.

T. P. (Chiswick).—"The enclosed photograph is exactly like me." Evidently your photographer is a merciless man.

P. C. D. (Gaynor).—"Will you pay for my poem?" We have paid, bitterly. It gave us a headache.

L. J. (Swansea).—"I'm anxious to trust the people." Open a grocery store and you'll get your chance.

Mrs. R. (Thirsk).—"My kiddies are my diamonds." We hope you have them in a good setting.

Mrs. L. (Kew).—"I don't know what she says to make herself so popular." Probably it's what she doesn't say.

J. K. (Selby).—"Is it wise to put money in a gramophone business?" All we know is it's a sound investment.

G. H. (Bradford).—"I'm afraid she means making a fool of me." Impossible, unless you make a fool of yourself.

K. A. (Ingleton).—"I know these are strong words." They do nothing to strengthen a weak argument.

E. T. (Northampton).—"The British boot is respected everywhere." Then how is it that deported aliens manage to sneak back?

T. N. (Ipswich).—"Yawning is said to be an aid to beauty." After reading your letter we felt decidedly better-looking.

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"GLASGOW HERALD":—"That red deer are alarmingly on the increase was

asserted at a meeting of BLACKFACED SHEEP BREEDERS last night."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"GENTS WANTED (EITHER SEX) by the largest manufacturers of Christmas cards."

"SUNDAY DISPATCH":—"Ten thousand children celebrated Holy Communion IN RELAYS OF 10,000 this morning."

"STAR":—"Weather Forecast: Rather unsettled, but considerable fair periods in the south. English Channel: NEEDS RECOVERING ALSO."

"SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO":—"Fine Twill Sheets. FULL SIZE 2½ IN. BY 3 IN."

"WEEKLY SCOTSMAN":—"Cook THE MARGARINE IN BOILING SALTED WATER TILL TENDER."

"WESTERN DAILY PRESS":—"A baby was born on the passenger steamer —— as the boat was entering ARRESTS HAVE BEEN MADE."

P. D. (Liverpool).—"I have a hot dinner every day." A boiled egg?

H. A. (Penzance).—"Hist!" After we read your letter, you were.

LAWYER (Birmingham).—"He burgled my house." What an optimist!

S. M. (Olney).—"He opened the door and threw me out." How considerate of him to open the door first.

N. B. (Manor Park).—"Pleasant dreams!" But we don't work in Whitehall.

MARY (Southbourne).—"My husband goes to bed in a bad temper and gets up in one." Surly to bed!

J. D. B. (Forest Hill).—"I thought his face seemed very familiar." He says he thought your manner was.

E. P. (Twyford).—"She seemed nervous when I smiled at her." Perhaps she had never seen a face parted in the middle before.

TRAVELLER (Jarrow).—"You should see the magnificent sunsets in the East." Nonsense. The sun always sets in the West.

Mrs. E. (Cardiff).—"When I see rich women in their cars I feel to have nothing to give my family." What about love and a good example?

A. K. (Westminster).—"Do you know of anybody going in for trial marriages?" We don't know of anybody going in for any other sort.

Miss B. (Sowerby Bridge).—"Why should he always call me 'dear'?" Possibly on the principle that all women to-day are.

Mrs. G. (Langbank).—"After the meal she gave me I can't stoop to speak to her any more." It must have been a very heavy feed!

A. F. (Kennington).—"The language many people use over the telephone is quite uncalled for." But so are the numbers they get.

Mrs. U. (Micklefield).—"A wife is often thought more of for forgiving and forgetting." And a husband always valued more for getting and giving.

P. R. (Radcliffe).—"Why does the country waste so many millions?" Because so many millions let their brains run to waste.

LIZZIE (Cowdenbeath).—"You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear." Nor hatch a clutch of eggs from a cuckoo clock.

Miss A. KILDING, 41, Mallorie Park, Ripon.—"You printed my name as 'Mr. Kilding' when announcing my £400 *Bullets* prize last week." Apologies! We judged from the *Bullet*—WAY TO TALK—18—"AWAY WITH TALK!" that you were a man.

AUTHOR (Bayswater).—"I can't understand why my play was taken off." Possibly because the audience didn't understand why it was ever put on.

OFFICE BOY (Croydon).—"I stuck three hundred stamps on myself." But wasn't it your duty to stick them on the envelopes?

H. B. (Exeter).—"Most fairy tales begin, 'Once upon a time.'" Except those which commence, "I was detained at the office."

H. C. (Victoria).—"The sensational American evangelist didn't meet with much success in London." We understand she was disappointed with the Albert Haul.

D. N. (Walton).—"What does it mean when a picture falls?" That the cord is rotten.

F. H. (Canterbury).—"There are some spectacles one can never forget." We should like to buy a pair like that.

E. S. (Gateshead).—"The bull tossed me into the river." Then you won the toss and went in first.

A. C. B. (Thornaby).—"Have you ever seen a two-legged donkey?" Did we see you when you called?

P. P. (Farnham).—"Germany, in the Graf Zeppelin, possesses the largest gas-bag in the world." But we have our politicians.

S. P. A. (Leeds).—"I always dress in accordance with the circumstances." What do you wear when you're playing shove-halfpenny?

E. I. N. (Nottingham).—"The steel pen was invented in 1800." And the Post Office evidently has a portion of the original output in hand to-day.

O. M. (Halling).—"After my death, the world will realise all that I've done." Yes, but you'll be out of harm's way by that time.

T. G. (Porton).—"The enclosed figures show where our taxes are going." But what most of us would like to know is where they are coming from.

S. D. (Worcester Park).—"There are so many buttons on men's clothes that it is quite exhausting to dress." When you've tackled them all, we suppose, you feel quite done up.

Either of these Sets for £4 down!

Why tolerate old troublesome wireless sets when £4 brings you a new Lotus receiver? Simple to control, easy to move, the Lotus set gives greater selectivity and volume with less battery consumption. Aerial, earth, batteries and loud speaker are inside.
Portable in real hide case or transportable in oak, £4 down and 11 monthly payments of £2 12s. 6d. Transportable in Walnut or Mahogany, £4 down and 11 monthly payments of £2 14s. 6d.

LOTUS
PORTABLE SETS
PORTABLE SETS
FREE interesting Booklet, which tells you all about these new and wonderful sets. Write to Dept. J.B., BARNETT, WHITELEY & CO., LTD. Lotus Works, Broadgreen Road, Liverpool.

a FREE sample of

Sphagnol

soothing shaving soap for sensitive skins

Dr. R. writes:—"For tender skins SPHAGNOL Shaving Soap is incomparable."

Will be sent on receipt of 3½d. PEAT PRODUCTS (Sphagnol), Ltd. (Dept. 35) 24, Bush Lane, E.C.4.

WHOOPING COUGH

For fifty years Vapo-Cresolene has stopped the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Use it tonight and save the child from that wracking cough. Cresolene is widely used for Coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Asthma and Catarrh.

Vapo-Cresolene

Sore throat is dangerous. Use Cresolene at once.

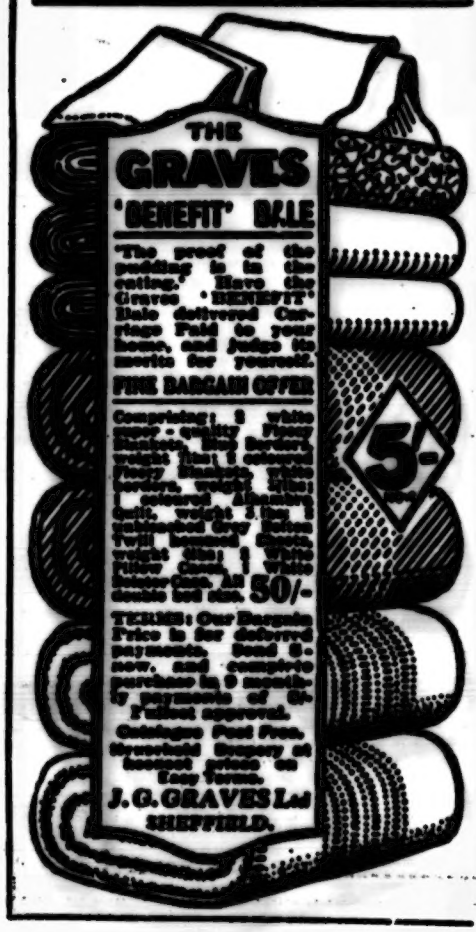
Sold by all Chemists. Write for descriptive booklet No. 63 A to ALLEN & HANBURYS', Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS CATARRH

"IT IS A SHAME that people should suffer so much when they can be cured. You have been the means of saving my life. I used to sit up in bed all night wheezing and coughing until I could hardly get my breath. I feel grand now; it seems almost a miracle to be free from any symptoms whatever." So writes Mrs. E. Underwood, of 49, Albert Promenade, Loughborough, Leics.

This is the experience of not only one but of hundreds of others, brought about by my simple and inexpensive Home Treatment—that of lasting and entire freedom from suffering. Let me send you my opinion on your case based on 30 years' experience, together with an interesting Album, FREE OF CHARGE or obligation. Write at once to

MR. R. HAYHEL,
7 (J.B.), Ambrose Place, Worthing.



"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Have the Graves 'BENEFIT' Bale delivered Carriage Paid to your home, and judge the merits for yourself.

FINE BARGAIN OFFER

Comprising: 2 white super-quality Flossy Blankets, Silky Borders, weight 3lbs.; 1 coloured Flossy Blanket, white borders, weight 2½lbs.; 1 coloured Eiderdown Quilt, weight 3 lbs.; 1 embroidered Grey Cotton Twill Bedspread, Sheets, weight 3½lbs.; 1 white Pillow Sheet. All double bed size. 50/-

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for delivered payments. Send 5/- now, and complete purchase in 9 monthly payments of 5/- Fullest approval.

Catalogue Post Free.

Household Drapery at lowest prices on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd
SHEFFIELD.

THE BEST REMEMBRANCE

And the Opportunity

IN these days of remembrance, the best and most sincere way to honour those who fell in the war is to extend a helping hand to the living ex-soldiers, sailors and airmen who are now in need.

An ex-Service man's wife, living in a northern seaport town, tells us that her husband has only had six weeks' work in the last two years. She has five small children. One little boy is suffering from consumption.

To get the necessary food for her consumptive boy, she allowed the rent to get behind, and is worried with a notice that she must leave if she cannot pay up the arrears in weekly sums of 10s.

"I cannot do that," she writes, "as we only get 30s. Poor Law relief. I have to see to my husband and children, and pay four shillings a week off my confinement debt to my nurse.

"My husband has been promised a job on a steamer. But they won't let him sign without he joins the Seamen's Union, and it would cost us £2.

"I have nothing to send my children to school in, and the mistress has sent two of them home to-day wet through from this morning's rain.

"You will see how ill I have been, as the doctor ordered me to hospital. But I could not leave my other children, as the guardians would have stopped my money (about 8s. per week), and I know they would not have been able to carry on.

"If my husband goes away, the doctor has promised to send the baby and myself to his rest home.

"If you could spare me a few baby clothes for my baby I would be very grateful. I have to keep him wrapped in an old shirt for warmth all day."

The vicar of their church recommends the case, stating that it is worthy of every encouragement and assistance.

What an opportunity the fund offers for remembering the dead by helping such cases! Don't miss it.

"Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to The Hon. Secretary, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

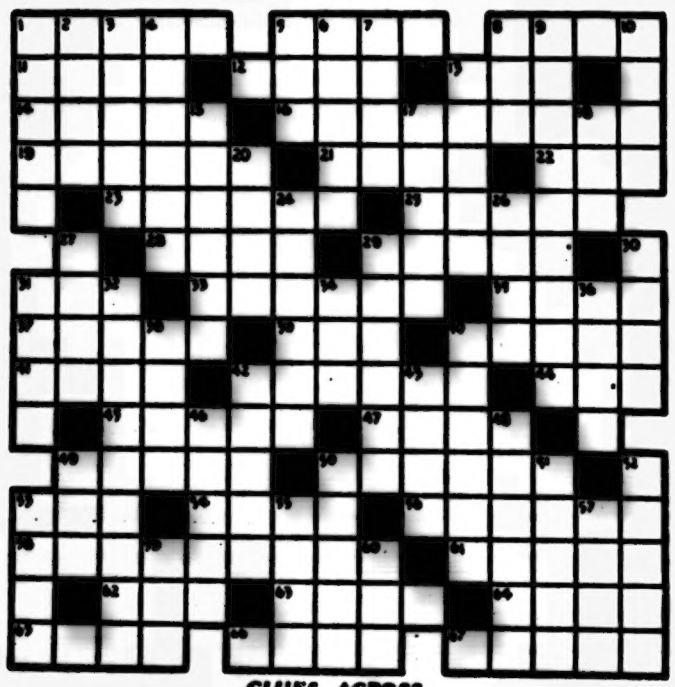
J. Sooley (Newark), 2s.; Mrs. Kellie Pitt (Horbury), 1s.; In Memory of 14th, 5d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; Meg, (Chislehurst), 2s. 6d.; J. N. S. B., 1s.; M. L. W. White (Evanstown), 5s.; Mexican, 1s.; L. V., 1s.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 1s.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; A Labourer, 7s. 6d.; Pimple, 2s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s. 6d.; A Holiday Ninth, 1s. 6d.; A Constant Reader, 1s.; Tobias, 1s.; Mary Rhodes (Huddersfield), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Darling (Exeter) 2s. 6d.; Cholo, £2; With Love, 1s.; Do This, 1s.; Mr. J. E. Henderson, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. R. Richards (Carmarthen), 5s.; Mr. A. Griffiths (Rhondda), 2s.; Mr. W. E. Perkins (Leicester), 6d.; Mr. H. Heath (Ryecroft), 1s.; Mr. Frank (Guernsey), 10s.; Joe Kent, 2s. 6d.; A. Sharpe, 10s.; G. Whitbread (Little Thurrock), 2s.; "P," 1s. 2d.; Mrs. W. Stanyon (Bideford), 10s.; Flops, 6d.; "Bullet" Consolation Prize Winner, 9d.; Mrs. Anita Tuleny, £1 1s.; A. M. (Maltby), 3s.; Whitsuntide, 1s.; Whitsuntide, 2, 1s.; 4, F. (Ashford (Oswaldtwistle), 10s.; E. H. H., 1s.; P. Vickery, 1s.; H. W. (Halifax), 1s.; A. Hancock (Bradfield), 1s.; N. Nalty (Whitstable), 6d.; J. M., "For Luck," £1; J. H. Knowles, 1s. 6d.; Hornsgrove, 2s. 6d.; Peggy, 2s.; H. Gale, 6d.; Owen Williams (Birkenhead), 3s. 6d.; John Bogie (Invergordon), 1s.; Mr. H. Ancott (Leicester), 1s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Miss Nancy Fisher, Mrs. H. Bushell, Mrs. B. Ivens, D. P. (Dorset), Ritz, Mrs. M. E. Sweete, Thankful, Mrs. Thompson (Ealing), Mrs. Lake, Mrs. Sylvester, Reader (Bendon), Baby Pye.

(Many acknowledgments unnecessarily held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

YOUR FIRESIDE FRIEND



CLUES ACROSS

1. Vision.
5. Rude stare.
8. Spray.
11. Notion.
12. Heap.
13. By way of.
14. Antelope.
16. Length.
19. Church official.
21. Of the ear.
22. Highest.
23. Oriental salute.
25. Manservant.
28. Destruction.
29. Danger.
31. Mountain.
33. Motorless aeroplane.
35. Nearly all.
37. To let.
39. Cut.
40. Tennis term.
41. Rich earth.
42. A trot.
44. Undermine.
45. Sea flow.
47. Wrong.
49. To make broader.
50. Military rank.
53. Seated.
54. Rubber district.
56. Administration.
58. Obsolete skirt.
61. Fine material.
62. Cereal plant.
63. Walking stick.
64. Monster.
65. Small.
66. Un to.
67. Ac-out.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 35.

CLUES DOWN

1. Utensil for separating.
2. Unemployed.
3. Cog wheels.
4. Aeroplane shed.
5. Greasy fluid.
6. Dismay.
7. Loaned.
8. Be seated.
9. Wary.
10. Far down.
13. A cleric.
15. Torrential rain.
17. Donor.
18. A speck.
20. Form of transport.
24. A quadruped.
26. Viscous substance.
27. Excuse.
29. Tin and lead alloy.
30. A pace.
31. Famous battle.
32. Division wall.
34. Assume.
36. Mark of a wound.
38. Skidded.
40. Forced.
42. Waterway.
43. Always.
46. Headquarters.
48. A great number.
49. Force of arms.
50. Hackneyed.
51. Shade.
52. A doctrine.
53. Highlander.
55. A cereal plant.
57. A.M.
59. Negative.
60. Finish.

£500 must be won in "The People's" great Equal-Chance-for-All Crossword Competition. Get a copy next Sunday.

BRONCHITIS
Kills 21,446 in 5 months

A WARNING TO CHESTY PEOPLE.

The Registrar-General gives some startling figures on deaths from bronchitis and other respiratory diseases. In October there were 4,790 deaths. During the bad weather months there is always an appalling increase, February this year being the most fateful month with 25,579 deaths. Bronchitis alone caused 21,446 deaths in the winter season.

"At the first feeling of discomfort in throat or bronchials take Peps breathable tablets," says Dr. Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M. "This tablet medicine has many advantages over liquid cough mixtures—novel direct action, equal dose and handiness to carry about.

"Peps dissolve in the mouth releasing certain agreeable antiseptic fumes which pass with the breath straight down the air-passages into the chest. Disease germs lodging therein (and which cannot be reached by medicine swallowed into the stomach) are destroyed, nasty phlegm is cut and expelled, and the breathing tubes are made well again."

Guaranteed free from laudanum. Peps suit old and young. Carry these wonderful Peps tablets about with you for protection from infection; also keep by your bedside. All chemists 1/3 & 3/- a box. 3/- size includes a handy pocket phial free.

PEPS

28 BIG COLUMNS
DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO BULLET, CROSSWORD & PICTURE PUZZLE

COMPETITIONS
In every 16-PAGE issue of the

LEADER

The "Live Wire" Competition Journal.

THE LEADER—read by over 250,000 competitors—devotes more space to Competitions and Solutions than any other journal. Whatever competition interests you, "BULLETS," Crosswords, Fashions, Picture Puzzles or Football, you will find your needs ably supplied by expert journalists. 16 pages every week.

BULLETS
and all literary competitions are catered for by well-known experts. Apart from current examples you will find helpful advice on the construction of successful lines together with closing dates, winning lines criticised, etc.

CROSSWORDS
Competitions are solved by "Senior Wrangler," who gives solutions and most likely alternatives for all contests, together with an expert commentary on each puzzle.

PICTURE PUZZLES
are dealt with by a well-known expert, who gives his solutions and possible alternatives for every competition, together with final lists.

FOOTBALL
THE LEADER tells you everything you want to know about Football. Reliable Forecasts. Six weeks' form of every club; every match analysed and League Tables up to date; forecasts from 20 other newspapers, etc.

Whatever competition you go in for, you will find that it pays to

FOLLOW THE RACING AND FOOTBALL

LEADER

SOLD EVERYWHERE 16 large pages 2d.
Remember—it's "THE LEADER" you want.

300 Christmas Dinners this week

Let John Bull bring your Xmas Dinner

Turkeys & Fowls won this week will be received by Winners just before Christmas

100 'BULLETS' TURKEYS AND **200 PLUMP SURREY FOWLS**

Win a "Bullets" Christmas Dinner!

THE first Christmas prize-list of the season is before you, with special awards of 100 fine Turkeys and 200 plump Surrey Fowls—all of the famous "J.B." quality. Thousands of competitors have dined with JOHN BULL on Christmas Day in the past. The coupons on this page are your invitation to this year's big party.

Simply select one of the *Examples* and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS having an apt and original bearing upon it. The winning *Bullets* on this page will show you the varied types of lines which win.

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 695

WORLD OF TO-MORROW
BETTER THAN POLITICS
THE LAST TIME
HOPING FOR THE BEST
REALLY
HISTORY'S PAGES
IF I WERE A MAN
WE SHALL SEE
TERRIFYING
LIKE AN IDIOT
MAKING A MESS OF IT

THE EVER OPEN DOOR
A SURPRISE ITEM
"YOU'RE BARRED"
ONE OF THESE DAYS
AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL
ADMIRINGLY
HER PEOPLE
EVERYBODY'S THANKFUL
WHEN
FOOLHARDY
WHAT A KISS MEANS

BLACK MAGIC
SUPPLEMENTARY
BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS
A THOUSAND AND ONE
THINGS HIMSELF
PERSONALITY
OUT TOGETHER
A GAS-BAG
SHE SAID NOTHING, BUT
CURRENT TO BE ILLEGAL
HAS BRITAIN FORGOTTEN?

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 693

TWIN FIRST PRIZES OF £300:

Mr. T. CARTER, The Yews, Broughton, Stockbridge, Hants.
Example:—MISSING THE BOAT.
Bullet:—CALLED AT "THE SHIP."

Mrs. HODGSON, 11, Miles Hill Terrace, Stainbeck Lane, Meanwood, Leeds.
Example:—BETTER MAN
Bullet:—"BEST LITTLE WOMAN" MADE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. W. ADAMSON, 4, East View, Sowerby-bridge.
Example:—HEAD OF THE HOUSE
Bullet:—ASKED FOR—FAMILY APPEARS!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. J. FOSTER, 9th, Hanford Road, Brixton,
Example:—WITHOUT WINSTON
Bullet:—WITHIN MONTHS—WITH LUCK.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Miss A. CRANE, Near The Schools, Chipstead.
WHEN THE KNOT'S TIED—WIFE DOESN'T "REMOVE THUMB."

T. CRANE, 27, Percy Road, Leigh-on-Sea.
IDLE LAND—CAN'T SEND CANADA *That.*

R. HANCOX, 30, Chesterfield Road, Blackpool.
FOOTBALL ENTHUSIAST—BETTER, ENTHUSIASTIC FOOTBALLER.

E. HARRIS, 1, Parkinson Terrace, Nottingham.
HE LOVED HER, BUT—EMPLOYERS WOULDN'T "ACCEPT HIM."

Mrs. M. HIBBIT, 95, Somers Road, Walthamstow, E.
IDLE LAND—PLAYERS—BALL—PERMISSION LACKING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

P. H. MAHALEM, 12, Stanlake Villas, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.
HE LOVED HER, BUT—ONLY TOMBSTONE SAID SO.

A. MALVENAN, 68, Bimbo Street, Lochgelly, Fife.
DOES THE LEAGUE PAY?—DID ARK? DOES LIFE-BOAT?

R. MOSS, Woods Lee, Spital, Nr. Birkenhead.
PREACHING—BUT NOT REACHING—CHURCHES.

J. SHERBOURNE, 249, Lily Lane, Bamfurlong, Wigan.
HE LOVED HER, BUT—SAW FATHER—ANOTHER "DASH."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. O. SMITH, 19, Radstock Road, Reading.
"BACKED A WINNER?"—TAXATION FORM'S NEXT QUESTION.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

H. BJORK, 266a, Earls Court Road, S.W.
FAIR OFFER—THEN WHY NEGOTIATE SECRETLY?

Mrs. L. COOPER, c/o Son, Seven Sisters Road, London, N.
EVERY HUSBAND KNOWS—HIS WIFE'S "PAST"—UNDERSTANDING.

Miss M. DAVIES, Malthouse, Kerry, Montgomeryshire.
HE LOVED HER, BUT—THAT WAS HOURS AGO!

D. G. DAVIES, 63, Pisgah Street, Kenfig Hill, Nr. Bridgend, Glam
SHOPPING EXPEDITION—SPOILT—FATHER WANTED SOMETHING.

A. GIBSON, Edford Inn, Holcombe, Nr. Bath.
MISSING THE BOAT—THOUSANDS, AWAITING "DREAM SHIP."

(Continued on page 4.)

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 695 Last date [illegible]

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Nov. 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(695) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Nov. 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(695) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"BULLETS" ALTERATION—Note the new closing date, SATURDAY, Nov. 17.

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Nov. 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(695) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Nov. 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(695) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you may write them on this page.

Have you posted your "Bullets" for the £4,000 prize!
Full details appeared last week. Closing date —SATURDAY, Nov. 10.

XMAS HAMPERS & CAKES NEXT WEEK

"I felt very Run-Down in health and experienced great difficulty in getting through my work."

"Now I have proved Yeast-Vite Tablets are good and am very grateful. I shall recommend them to all."

Testimonial No. 29030.

"I suffered a Breakdown in health. My nerves were completely Run-Down, and I suffered from Depression."

"I feel quite well again now, a state I attribute solely to the wonderful restorative qualities of Yeast-Vite."

Testimonial No. 29068.

"I had Acute Indigestion for years and dreaded going to bed as I could not sleep."

"Now the Pain has entirely gone, and thank goodness I can now sleep in peace."

Testimonial No. 29091.

THEN-and NOW!

The most Vivid and Arresting PROOF that "Yeast is Life"

FASCINATING dramas of REAL LIFE are daily revealed in the record number of entirely unsolicited Testimonials which pour into Irving's Yeast-Vite Laboratories attesting beyond question or doubt the THRILLING PROMISE to suffering humanity that "YEAST IS LIFE"! Never before has the path to MENTAL AND BODILY VIGOUR & JOYOUS HEALTH been so simple and so SCIENTIFICALLY CERTAIN! If YOU are Out-of-Sorts, Run-down, "Nervy," Bilious, Headachy, Oppressed with pain, Rheumatic, Worried, Over-Excited, or Unable to Sleep, all you need do is to obtain a bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets under our GUARANTEE OF "NO CURE—NO PAY," and feel FRESH AND BRIGHT in a few minutes!

TAKE STOCK OF YOUR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL CONDITION TO-DAY

"Take Stock" TO-DAY. Is your BRAIN clear and alert? Are your NERVES calm, unruffled? Is your STOMACH free from all disorder? Are your BOWELS regular? Is your blood running pure, rich and exhilarating through every artery and vein? If you have to answer "NO" to ANY of these questions it is a SURE AND CERTAIN indication that you need MORE VITAMINS and the gentle gastric ferment which keeps the internal organs working smoothly and harmoniously. Try YEAST-VITE to-day. Guaranteed to contain nothing harmful.

READ OUR "QUICK-HEALTH" TIME TABLE.

FROM	TO	TIME
Headaches -	*Relief* - - -	In 5 MINUTES
Neuralgia -	*Easement* - -	In 5 MINUTES
Indigestion -	*Joyful Health* -	In 5/10 MINUTES
Biliousness -	*Healthy Appetite*	In 10/15 MINUTES
Depression -	*Buoyant Energy* -	In 10/15 MINUTES
Unsettled Stomach -	*Bodily Comfort* -	In 10/15 MINUTES
"Nerves" -	*Calm Delight* -	In 10/15 MINUTES
Colds and Catarrh -	*Free Breathing* -	In 24 HOURS
Rheumatism	*Pain Relief* -	In 24 HOURS
Feverishness	*Normal* - - -	In 24 HOURS
Influenza -	*Energetic Activity*	In 36 HOURS
Constipation	*Regularity* - -	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE

NO PAY

A Fair-Play Offer! Simply obtain a 1/3 or 3/- Bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. Take the Treatment entirely at our expense, and if after actual personal test you are not thoroughly satisfied with the tonic and restorative powers of YEAST-VITE, post the empty carton to us, with Government stamp attached, and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

Irving's Yeast-Vite

TONIC TABLETS

From All Chemists. Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Bottle

Or Post Free on Receipt of Price Direct from

Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Medical Yeast Specialists (Raw & Enlarged Laboratories), Watford, Herts.

"I was a sufferer from Neuralgia for three years and tried many so-called cures in vain."

"I tried Yeast-Vite Tablets and got rid of my Neuralgia in exactly three minutes."

Testimonial No. 29081.

"I suffered a great deal with Headaches which made me feel very Irritable and Miserable."

"Now I just take two Yeast-Vite Tablets and feel a different woman. I shall never be without them."

Testimonial No. 29082.

"I suffered from feelings of great Tiredness which left me quite unfit for the lightest work."

"Since taking Yeast-Vite I feel Better and Brighter in myself and much more Hopeful."

Testimonial No. 29020.

T. C. Beach, Limited.

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